The Omega 1902.

Miss M. E. King – B.A. 1886. Dalhousie College.

WANDERING (Vision I)

The OMEGA

M C M I I

Sullins College

Published by the Senior Class

Press of The Stone Printing and Manufacturing Company,
Roanoke, Virginia.

To

Our beloved Lady Principal,

MRS. S. N. BARKER,

The steadfast and devoted friend of our
Class and of Sullins College, this
publication is dedicated as an
evidence of our affec-
tionate regard.

MRS. S. N. BARKER.

REV. S. N. BARKER, President of Sullins College.

Board of Editors.

KATHARINE SMITH, '02,

Editor-in-Chief.

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J. L. KELLY JOEL HUNTSMAN

Sullins College.

FOUNDED 1870.

Colors: Blue and White.

Yell.

Rah! Rah! Well! Rah! Rah! Right!
Rah! Rah! for Sullins with all your might!
Rah! Rah! Rah!

Historical.

THE history of the beginning and growth of Sullins College and the vitality of the school are not uninteresting. It is like that of the City of Bristol, which from field and meadow has developed into a thriving city. The school was first taught as a private affair in a church building; afterwards in a private residence, "the house" of King's plantation, on which the town had been laid out, and still later in a plain, two-story, unarchitectural brick building, erected in 1869. It was divided into a chapel, music-rooms, class-rooms, dormitories, and parlor, and at that time was the pride of Bristol people. Since the erection of this first building additions and changes have been made, keeping pace with the growth of the city, so that the College from "Alpha," its beginning, to "Omega," the latest, is enthroned in the hearts of our people.

The Faculty of Sullins College.

1 MISS ANNA HULL,
Music.

2 MISS KATHARINE MITCHELL,
Latin.

3 MR. F. J. ZIESBERG,
Director of Music.

4 MISS LACY PRICE,
Modern Languages.

5 MISS SALLIE MALLICOTE,
Housekeeper.

6 MRS. J. C. COWAN,
History.

7 MISS ADA BARHAM,
Expression.

8 MISS SUE MITCHELL,
Chaperone.

9 MRS. S. A. M. GILLESPIE,
Matron.

10 MISS A. LOU NEILSON,
Art.

11 MISS LAURA KING,
Assistant in Mathematics and Science.

12 MISS JANIE MUSE,
Primary.

13 MR. RICHARD HARRY WATKINS,
Mathematics and Science.

14 MISS FLORENCE BAIRD,
Vocal Music.

15 MISS BESSIE C. MALLICOTE,
Stenography and Typewriting.

16 MISS KATHERINE JORDAN BIGHAM,
English.

17 MISS MARTHA PILCHER,
String Instruments.

THE FACULTY.

C. McHu.
1902.

Class of 1902.

COLORS: Black, White, and Gold.

MOTTO: Loyalty. FLOWER: Maréchal Niel Rose.

Officers.

BERTA PRICE . . . . . President
MARIE COWAN . . . . . Vice-President
ANNIE CLAY FARIS . . . . . Secretary
KATHARINE SMITH . . . . . Treasurer
FRANCES REEVES . . . . . Critic

EARLY in the year it was decided that the Spring Term officers should be elected in the following manner: The one making the highest grade should be president of the class, the next highest, vice-president, and so on. After the mid-term examinations it was found that there was a tie for the presidency between Marie Cowan and Berta Price. Marie Cowan resigned in favor of Berta Price, who became president; she becoming the vice-president. The others stood as above mentioned.

MARIE LOUISE COWAN . . . . . Vicksburg, Mississippi

M. E. L.

Vice-President of Class of 1902 for '02;
Vice-President of Class of 1902 for '01;
Associate Editor-in-Chief of the OMEGA;
President of the Mississippi Club;
Vice-President of the Y. W. C. A.
Vice-President of the Fairesonian Literary Society;
Basketball Team.

"O woman! lovely woman! Nature made thee
To temper man; we had been brutes without you.
Angels are painted fair to look like you."

"Cupid may have tapped her on the shoulder,
But you may be sure her heart hath ne'er been touched."

LELIA CORNETT . . . . . Bristol, Tennessee

M. E. L.

Left Forward on Basketball Team.

A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food,
For transient sorrows, simple wiles;
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

Up! up! my friend, and quit your books,
Or surely you 'll grow double:
Up! up! my friend, and clear your looks.
Why all this toil and trouble?

FORTE BICKLEY DICKENSON . . . . . Hansonville, Virginia

A. B.

Literary Critic of C. L. S., '01.

"He is a fool who thinks by force or skill
To turn the current of a woman's will."

"Her voice was ever soft, gentle, and low
An excellent thing in woman."

ANNIE CLAY FARIS . . . . . Bristol, Tennessee

A. B.

President of the Twentieth Century Club;
Class Treasurer, '01;
Class Secretary, '02;
Business Manager of the OMEGA;
Basketball Team.

"True as the needle to the pole,
Or as the dial to the sun."

"When you do dance, I wish you a
wave o' the sea that you might
ever do nothing but that."

BERTA PRICE . . . . . Reidsville, North Carolina

A. B.

Vice-President of the 20th Century Club;
President of the Class of 1902;
Basketball Team.

"My mind to me a kingdom is; my mind to me an empire is."

"The tongue can no man tame; it is an unruly evil."

FRANCES REEVES . . . . . Bristol, Tennessee

M. E. L.

Assistant Business Manager of the OMEGA ;
Critic of the Class of 1902 for '02 ;
Center, Basketball Team ;
Treasurer of the Twentieth Century Club.

"The shadow of greatness hangs upon her"

O woman ! in our hours of ease
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering asper made,
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou !

KATHARINE SMITH . . . . . MOUNT AIRY, N. C.
M. E. L.

SPECIAL GRADUATES

MARY LEE HILL . Expression Graduate.

Captain Senior-Freshman Basketball Team;
Recording Secretary of the Mississippi Club;
Recording Secretary of the Y. W. C. A.;
Corresponding Secretary of the Missionary Society;
Historian of the Class of 1903;
Most graceful girl in school.

"She wore a blended grace and dignity of mien."

INEZ LINDSEY COWAN . Art Graduate.

Art Editor of the Omega;
Referee Basketball Team.

"A noble type of good, heroic womanhood."
"There 's life in the strokes of her brush."

GEORGIA SLACK . . Music Graduate.

Music Editor of the Omega;
Basketball Team, Goal Defender.

"So perfect and so peerless."

JUNIORS.

Class of 1903.

MOTTO: *Χαίρετε Νεχώμεν.* COLOR: Crimson.

Officers.

OLIVE SKEGGS . . . . . President
MARY SUMMERS . . . . . Vice-President
BERTHA SCOTT . . . . . Secretary and Treasurer
MARY LEE HILL . . . . . Historian
MAXIE BOLTON . . . . . Poet

Members.

MAXIE BOLTON
SENAH CHILDERS
ZOLLE DICKENSON
MARY LEE HILL
MYRTLE HOUK
ADA MAGRUDER
STELLA MASTIN
LILLIAN MCNEIL
CARRIE MCGUIRE
BESSIE PEERY
BERTHA SCOTT
OLIVE SKEGGS
BONNIE SMITH
ROXIE SLAUGHTER
MARY SUMMERS
KATE SWAN

M.K. WYNN

SOPHS.

Class of 1904.

MOTTO: Esse quam videri.

COLORS:
New Blue and Garnet.

FLOWER:
White Carnation.

Officers.

NANCY NEILSON	President
JULIA FRANCIS	Vice-President
MAXIE SMITH	Secretary
BENONA SNAPP	Treasurer
AUBREY COWAN	Poet
FANNY WARD	Historian

Yell.

One for Soph!
Two for more!
Three for the Class of 1904!

The Soph.

She enters the portals of Sullins
With haughty and nonchalant air,
Then proudly on high her head tosses,
While noting that Freshmen stare.

Though only four short months have vanished
Since her name with Freshmen's stood,
That all is a dream of the past now—
Remote, one would think, as the flood.

Discarding all thoughts which seem childish,
And thinking of only what is,
She gathers her brains together
And settles right down to "biz."

She loses her dignity often,
When doors are all barred and all glued;
But when the Freshman loiters 'round,
She puts on her grown-up mood.

In the study of life and of livers,
She 's learned less of U than of I;
And if you should ask her the reason,
"I 'm a Soph," she will quickly reply.

She a Soph? Why I thought her a Senior,
From the privileges that she takes;
And *even* in playing basketball
She never makes mistakes.

But then they 're charming when all together,
They 're charming just one by one;
They 're useful whene'er there 's need to be,
And—they 're always in for fun.

They do patronize the Freshmen,
And rejoice when they see them fall,
But then we must know they are Sophomores—
And Sophomores know it all.

A. C.

FRESHMEN.

Class of 1905.

Motto: "Le seul avenir est notre fin."

Flower: Red Carnation. Colors: Red and Black.

Officers.

Beatrice Toy . . . . . President
Hattie Porter . . . . . Vice-President
Matsy Wynn . . . . . Secretary and Treasurer
Nannie McCulloch . . . . . Historian
Callie May McHie . . . . . Artist

Yell.

Rah! Rah! Rah!
For the Freshman Class!
Rah! Rah! Rah! We can
Rah! Rah! Rah! for every lass
That's in our jolly clan!

LITERATURE

In the old plantation days —

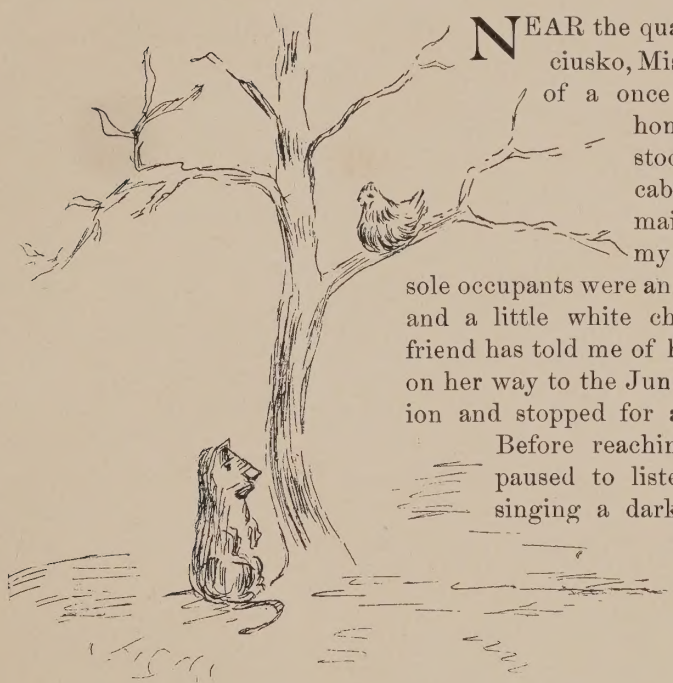
"I'se gwine to live by 'er", sez I, "an' I'se gwine to die by 'er."

"Little Meenie and Me."

A Story of the Civil War.

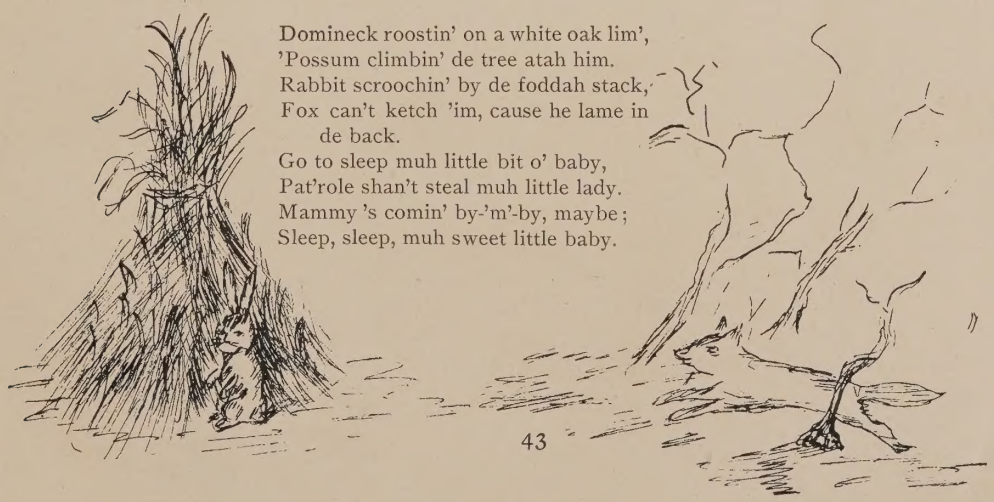
By Ol. Taylor.

To the Mississippi Club of Sullins College.



NEAR the quaint old town of Kosciusko, Mississippi, are the ruins of a once spacious plantation home. Across the road stood a row of negro cabins. One only remains, and at the time my narrative recalls, the sole occupants were an old negro "mammy" and a little white child. An old school friend has told me of how she was one time on her way to the Junction with a companion and stopped for a while at the cabin. Before reaching it, however, they paused to listen to the old negro singing a darkey sleeping song to the little child that lay dozing on her lap:

Domineck roostin' on a white oak lim',
'Possum climbin' de tree atah him.
Rabbit scroochin' by de foddah stack,
Fox can't ketch 'im, cause he lame in de back.
Go to sleep muh little bit o' baby,
Pat'role shan't steal muh little lady.
Mammy 's comin' by-'m'-by, maybe;
Sleep, sleep, muh sweet little baby.



"You see, it happen' dis way," said the old mammy, in explanation of the presence of the child. "When de wah broke out Massa Gilbut ('at wuz my young missus's husban'), and Massa Will an' Massa Cla'ence (da wuz her two brothers), all 'listed an' jined de regmint frum dis pa't. De drill-groun's warnt fur frum heah, an' missus an' little Meenie an' me 'd go down thar ebry day an' watch 'em drill. De men looked pow'ful brave dressed up like da wuz, an' I dunno 'bout de res', but Massa Gilbut an' Massa Will an' Massa Cla'ence da wuz de braves' men I evah see—'deed da wuz—specially Massa Gilbut. De drillin's wuz ovah aftah while, an' de pahtin's come. 'At wuz de saddes', sorryinist day evah I knowed on de plantation. Young missus she jis clung to young massa tell da had to drag 'er away—an' me, la! child, I jis couldn't stan' it, an' I purtends I see somethin' in de back yahd 'at needs skeerin' off, an' I shood an' frow'd my han's fus dis way an' 'en 'at; couldn't see de back yahd—couldn't see nuthin'. You could a washed 'is ole face out'n 'ese eyes. When I comes back, de ahmy 's gone an' all de fox-houn's an' huntin' dogs 'bout de place wuz a follerin'

'cept Massa Will's pinter pup, 'at couldn't keep up de trot. De dogs 'peared to be de only human bein's 'bout de place 'at wuz in good sperits. I foun' missus a settin' on de steps o' de front po'ch wif 'er face in 'er han's lack dis.

Massa Gilbut he writ back ebry day an' missus 'd read de lettuhs to me, an' sometimes we 'd laugh at de things he said, but mos' times we 'd cry. He allus ended up de lettuhs by sayin', "Give my love to Mammy Silvy"—'at 's me. Knowed 'im frum a chile. De place wuz pow'ful lonesome atah dat, fur

dar wuzn't nobody lef' but missus an' little Meenie an' me, an' de help 'bout de plantation. It wuz 'at still, at times, 'cept when de pinter pup 'd walk 'bout on de po'ch at night an' scratch on de doah—'en it sounded like ha'nts.

Aft' while de lettuhs didn't come ebry day, an' Massa Gilbut he writ how it wuz hahd to git de lettuhs thro', but 'at he 'd write ebry day, anyhow, an' maybe some 'd reach us. He wuz a goin' fu'ther an' fu'ther away all de time. 'En de news comes o' de big fights da wuz a havin', de Norf an' Souf, an' de papus had long rows o' de dead an' killed. We allus believed de bad things we heerd and wuz afeerd de good news warnt so—'ats de way in wah times. Missus an' me looked ovah de papus but neveh saw de names o' Massa Gilbut er Massa Cla'ence er Massa Will. De gunboats had fit dah way pas' Memphis an' wuz makin' fur Vicksbu'g. 'At wuz de las' place we heerd frum Massa Gilbut. I could see po' missus wuz a growin' paleh an' thinneh all de time, but I 'tends like I 'm in good sperits jis to keep her min' off'n de wah, when all de time my heart wuz 'at heavy I could a' laid down an' died, ef it hadn't a been fur missus an' little Meenie. Pu'ty soon de lettuhs quit comin' 't all. Missus 'd set on de front po'ch, in de day time, lookin' down de long road, an' when night 'd come, she put a candle in de windah. An', do you b'lieve me?—'at pinter pup slept under de windah ebry night, same as if de light wuz put thar fur 'im to go to bed by.

One day, long 'bout three o'clock, nigh as I can rickollect, wud wuz brung 'at Massa Gilbut had been shot an' wuz dyin' in de hospit'l of Vicksbu'g. I hopes dis ole body 'll neveh live to see another day like dat. Po' missus she jes lay with 'er head on dis bosom an' bof uv us sobbed an' cried like chillun. 'Long 'bout dusk, missus she say to me, " Mammy Silvy,"—'ats what da all called me—" Mammy Silvy, I wants yo' to sleep in my room to-night." So I lays a pallet down by 'er bed, but I neveh shut dese eyes endurin' de whole night. I could heah missus a tossin' 'bout an' sighin', an' ebry now an' 'en she got up an' went to de windah. When mawnin' broke we bof wuz up early. De life 'peahd to be stomped out'n de po' guhl. Dar wuz no mo' teahs.

"Mammy Silvy," she say to me—an dah wuz a strange look 'bout 'er eyes—"Mammy Silvy," she say, "las' night I heahd Gilbut a callin' fur me an' I'se goin' to 'im." An' all my 'suadin' didn't 'mount to nuthin'. She lef' de room an' when she come back she wuz dressed like a man. She had on one o' Massa Will's suits what he wo' 'bout de house an' Massa Gilbut's cape overcoat. "Mammy Silvy," she say to me, "I 'm goin' to ax you to do somethin', an' it 'll be de las' faveh I 'll ax you. Take de 'cissors out de table draweh an' cut off my hair." "Please, missus, don' ax me to do 'at," sez I, an' de teahs po'd out dese eyes; "please don' ax me to do 'at. Dis ole heaht's nigh to breakin' fur you anyhow—please don' go an' leave little Meenie an' me heah by ou' selves!" But she neveh said a wud. Thar wuz a fur-off look in her eyes. I know'd by 'at she wuz 'termined to go an' I mus' cut off 'at pu'ty hair 'at I 'd time an' time agin dress'd fur de big pahties when de 'mirers o' missus 'd come frum fur an' nigh a co'tin' of 'er. 'En she put on a slouch hat, an' takin' little Meenie in her a'ms, she kissed 'er an' hugged 'er, an' 'en she kissed me an' hugged me. Dar warnt no wuss sights at de camp-meetin' when de pahson wuz a shoutin' fur de sinnehs to turn an de mo'nehs a fleein' frum de wrath, an' a flayin' one 'nuther, 'an I saw 'at mawnin'. De las' wud missus spoke as she went out de doah wuz: "Mammy Silvy, take good keer o' little Meenie tell I comes back." But dar warnt no sign of a teah. I tell yo' de soul wuz plum dried up in de po' chile—'deed it wuz, 'cause I neveh see 'er look 'at way afo'. I follered 'er to 'at little patch o' woods you see way off yondah, jes funenst de cane-fiel', hopin' she 'd change 'er min' an' come home, but she looked straight on an' neveh tu'ned back. O, ef it hadn't a been fur little Meenie, I 'd a lef' dis place right 'en an' 'ar—I wuz 'at sad-sperited oveh de cruel wah. When I went back to de house it

looked so big an' lonesome I couldn't stay, an' I picked up de chile an' come to dis cabin to live, an' heah I'se been evah sence.

Aftah de light warnt put in de windah no mo' 'at pinter pup whined roun' fur awhile an' 'en lef' fur good. I neveh had no wud frum po' missus no mo'. De house went to rack pow'ful fas' atah she lef'. De sojers 'd camp dah an stole ebry thing they could tote 'cept de soap bar'l, an' to pussons what saw de looks o' outside facts da' neveh had much 'spicion what de soap wuz fur. One night when a big company staid heah de house ketched fiah an' bu'ned down. De sojers neveh tried to save it. At las' de wah broke up an' what wuz lef' o' Massa Gilbut's regmint comes trampin' home. It wuz mighty pitiful to see 'em. Da didn't look like de same men what went to wah—'ey wuz ragged an' some wuz ba'footed an peeky, like de rashens done give out a month 'fo' reachin' home. An' de bright wavin' flags 'ey toted 'way with 'em wuz nothin' but tore-up, faded rags. But 'ey 'peahed to take jis ez much keer uv 'em as when missus an' de young guhls give 'em to de regmint on de drill groun's. Maybe 't wus 'cause wud went roun' 'at de guhls cut up da bes' silk dresses to make 'em. I know missus made hers 'at a way, 'cause I hope 'er.

One day some o' de men wuz talkin' 'bout de seige o' Vicksbu'g an' I up an' axes 'em did 'ey know massa, 'sposin' o' 'course 'ey did—ebrybody knowed him—an' da sade 'ey did, an' 'at he died in de hospital. He wuz out'n 'is head, da sade, pa't de time, an' kept a callin' fur some'n, an' de night 'fo' he died he got out o' bed an wuz makin' fur de windah, mumblin' sumpin'. He wuz put back in bed an' died 'fo' mawnin'. Da sade, too, 'at Massa Will died in de prison o' Camp Chase an' Massa Cla'ence fell in de fight o' Shiloh. Da wuz brave boys sho', specially Massa Gilbut. De sojers kept a comin' thro', an' when de Union Ahmy ma'ched by da wuz betteh dressed an' sassier 'an our men wuz. Da 'd jis been paid off da b'fo' an warnt hungry like ou's, but de flags da toted wuz in rags too, an' faded out, an' de on'y diffunce I see wuz de Union sojers ca'ed 'eys on poles an' ou' men hid deys in de linin' o' da coats an' de commissionary wagons. 'Bout a week atah dis a regmint come by an' camped on de ole drill-fiel'. Dey 'd been to Vicksbu'g, too. One come to my doah an' he say to me, "A'nty, won't yo' give me some wateh?" an' co'se I did, not dasin' to 'fuse de

guvmint, 'cause 't warnt safe; an' when I tol' 'im 'bout de folks what lef' heah an' 'bout missus, he seein' I warnt holin' nuthin' back, but tryin' to do the squa' thing, up an' tells a passel o' cu'ious happenin's 'bout de seige. 'Mongst 'em wuz dis: He sade 'at one dahk night, didn't know 'zackly what time, cause de men want 'lowed to strike no light an' de on'y way da had o' tellin' wuz by de kine o' cuss-wuds da used in camp. But he say it mus' 'a' bin 'bout nine, cause de brimstone wuz flyin' roun' right peart. 'Bout nine, when a picket saw a man creepin' 'long close de groun' in d'rection o' de town. Creepin' 'long lack you 've seed one o' dese toads unbeknowens to a fly. De man had gone by all de pickets but dis one 'fo' crossin' to de other side. "Halt!" sade de picket, but de man keeps a crawlin'. "Halt!" hollered de picket agin, but de man neveh stopped, an' de picket fi'ed an' killed 'im. When come to fin' out, 't warnt no man 't all—'t wuz a woman dressed in man's clo's! Da looked fu' papus to tell who de woman wuz, but didn't fin' none, an' 'ey sade, "O, jis anutha' spy," an' kicked 'er in de trench an' bu'ied 'er. "Maybe 'at wuz missus," sez I, "but she warnt no spy. She neveh could o' done de like o' dat, 'cause I hope raise 'er an' she wuz as true a soul as evah draw'd bref," sez I; an' de man winked an' snapped his finger, an' what you 'spose happen'?—'at pinter pup come up waggin' his tail at de sojer. I knowed he 'd neveh come to no good. Didn't look no betteh 'n de res' o' de ahmy. But maybe 'at warnt missus, caus' when de win' moans 'bout dis cabin an' creeps thro' de chinkin', 'peahs lack I heahs 'er callin' frum way off: "O, Mammy Silvy, Mammy Silvy, take good keer o' little Meenie tell I come back." An' times durin' o' de night, when I heahs 'at voice, I looks down de road, when, sho' nuff, dah comes massa an' missus, a'm in a'm, lack in de ole days'; but w'en I wipes dese eyes, it tu'ns out 'at it 's nuthin' but de shaddah o' de trees. But maybe she 'll come by-'m'-by.

When de wah wuz oveh an' de culled folks foun' da wuz free sho' nuff, da begins holin' meetin's an' a shoutin': Da 's gwine to leave de ole place, 'at da ain't slaves no mo'. An' da comes by an' hollers to me: "An't Silvy, is you gwine to stay heah any longeh?—is yo' gwine to be a slave all yo' days? Come 'long wi' us an' git yo' f'eedom." An' I jis says: "You all can go ef yo' has a min' to, you can take yo' f'eedom ef yo'

likes, but, bress God, I'se gwine to stay heah wif' little Meenie. My young missus 'd a 'vided de las' crum' she had wi' me an', if de good Lawd lets me, I'se gwine to do de same by 'er chile. I'se gwine to live by 'er, sez I, an' I'se gwine to die by 'er."

And no doubt she kept her word, and that she still waited and watched for the coming of her mistress, who could never return. As the girls left her that hazy autumn afternoon, the soft and soothing winds that stole out of the west dallied with the ringlets that clustered about the forehead of the fair ward sleeping peacefully. And as that faithful old soul rocked to and fro' in front of the cabin door she crooned a cradle song that had so often sweetened the sleep of childhood in the old plantation days :

Go to sleep, muh little bit o' baby,
Pat'role shan't steal muh little lady.
Mammy 's comin' by-'m'-by, maybe,
Sleep, sleep, sleep, s–l–e–e–p.

Fate.

"Man's love is of man's life a thing apart,
It is a woman's whole existence."

JACK TREADWELL had spent six months abroad, after having taken an A. M. degree and carrying off the honors of the law class at the University of Virginia. Four months of his time had been spent in Germany learning the language and studying the violin. He had also spent some time in France and Spain for the same purpose, and now this highly cultured young aristocrat returned to his home in Mississippi and "hung out his shingle." It is needless to say his popularity was universal, and he met with success. All of his life he had been loved by every one, and his every wish had been granted. His father died while Jack was young and had left him his entire fortune, so you see our hero was one of those fortunate human beings with whom you seldom meet. It was not surprising he was sought after by all of the "match-making mammas," and any girl who was fortunate enough to receive his attentions was looked on with envy by all others. While he was attentive to many, he was still "heart whole and fancy free."

* * * * * * *

Gertrude Hamilton sat alone in her studio, working over a picture of the Madonna, but her thoughts were wandering. The evening before she had been introduced to Jack Treadwell at a moonlight picnic. He had been very attentive and she had been called the belle of the evening. However, she had thought it over and had made up her mind that she would not fall a victim to his charms as so many others had done. Nevertheless, she had to admit to herself that he was her ideal. She would see as little of him as possible, she decided, as she could not hope to gain the love of this "darling of society." Well, she would

not stay away from everything on his account. Perhaps he would have forgotten her by the time of Mrs. Van Dyke's reception, so she would go to that anyway. The evening came and True looked very charming in a pure white crêpe de chine. Mrs. Van Dyke had said she would send her nephew to bring her early, because she wished her to preside over the punch-bowl. She was standing before her mirror putting on the finishing touches. A white rose nestled in her golden hair and her big brown eyes sparkled with excitement. She had been called beautiful, and indeed her features were almost perfect. She was startled by the ringing of the door bell, and still more so when she opened the door and saw Jack Treadwell standing there. "Good evening, Miss Hamilton; I hope it won't be too much of a disappointment to you for me to take Hugh's place, but the fact is he was called out of town suddenly and Mrs. Van Dyke, as good luck would have it, asked me to come for you."

If True was somewhat cold in her greeting we must not blame her. It was not because she was disappointed, but she felt annoyed and decided from henceforth to be as cool to him as politeness would permit. She did not spend a happy evening, and when she was left alone after telling Jack good-night she felt pitifully lonely. She had never been petted and did not know what it was to be loved passionately. Her mother had died when Gertrude was young, and her father, who was a stern business man, was so taken up with business affairs that he did not have much time to give to his lonely little girl, who turned to her art for comfort. She realized if she was thrown with Jack Treadwell very much it would be impossible to keep from loving him, and so to save herself from sorrow and unhappiness it would be necessary for her to see him no more. But how could she manage it? He had made an engagement to call the next night. Should she telephone and tell him she was sick? No, it would never do for True to tell a story. She would simply write a note and tell him it would be impossible to see him, and give no excuse. It is needless to say Jack was surprised on receiving this note. He did not understand the girl's coolness towards him. He had never been treated as she treated him. Why, she had hardly been polite. What had he done to offend her? He had been pleasanter to her than he was to most women. There was not another woman of his acquaintance who would

not have been pleased to be treated as he had treated her. Of course he did not love her; he would never love any one. Still he was interested in her, and admired this young artist who was different from the other girls he had known. He would find out the cause of her indifference and try to overcome her dislike for him. He wanted her as a friend, however, and so a week later, without making an engagement, he called on her.

"You see, Miss Hamilton, I am availing myself of your permission to call. I hope you are not too busy to give me a few moments. I am so interested in art, couldn't you let me have a look at your studio?"

"Why, certainly, Mr. Treadwell, if you think you can derive any pleasure in looking over my little treasures. What a pleasure it must have been to travel in Rome, as you have done, and see the masterpieces of the old artists."

Jack plunged into a description of Rome with all of its splendor.

"How pleasant it would be if you and I could visit Rome together and you could point out the fine points in art to me, for I must admit music is more in my line."

"Oh! do you sing?"

"Not much, but I amuse myself with the violin occasionally. I think it is the sweetest of all instruments."

"I am very fond of it. I remember as a child sitting and listening to my father play. He had a very fine old instrument. Would you like to see it?" As she spoke she took from a much scarred case, a quaint old violin. It was carved with strange old Latin inscriptions and on the neck was carved the head of an old man. Jack examined the rare piece of antiquity, and seizing the bow, glided it across the strings and played the first two or three bars from "Then You 'll Remember Me," and at her request he played it all. She sat as if spellbound, while he, with a far-away look in his dark brown eyes, seemed unaware of her presence. How tall he was, such a fine physique, and how handsome. His black hair waved slightly about the temples and, but for the fact that he was dressed in the height of fashion, she might have thought him some Italian musician of the eighteenth century.

"Oh! it was beautiful, beautiful!" she exclaimed as the music ceased and he put the instrument in the case.

"You are right, it is beautiful," he said. "It always makes me sad to play it, but I felt in the humor for it to-night; and now show me that picture over there with its face turned to the wall."

"Oh! it is only the head of a young girl. It will never be finished. She was a creature of my imagination and lately her mind has been so intricate that it is impossible to catch her expression."

"Don't leave her as she is; she seems so unhappy."

"She is unhappy, but I can't change it, for I have tried." She then called his attention to a picture of a barefooted boy, dangling his feet in a puddle of water.

"Ah! that looks natural," he exclaimed. "It almost makes me wish I were a boy again. But do you know this is the first time I ever had that feeling? For when I was a child I longed to be a man, and I have enjoyed being a man as much as I enjoyed being a child."

"You are indeed fortunate to have known nothing but happiness. I sometimes think I have had more than my share of sorrow," said Gertrude, pathetically.

And when he told her "good-night" he thought she had the sweetest but saddest face he had ever seen. After he had gone True buried her face in the pillows of her couch. It was no use! no use! She was surely in love with him; she would not, could not struggle against it any longer. Of course he would never love her, but she might as well be happy in his society as long as she could, and when he grew tired of her, while away her miserable existence as best she could. If she could only hear him play again! She had felt in another world while he played her favorite composition. Yes, she would be kind to him. She would try to gain his friendship. She would never even try to gain his love. What a miserable night she spent. At last she slept, but her dreams were confused. She saw him at the altar, looking radiantly happy, with a tall brunette by his side, while the strains of "Then You 'll Remember Me" filled the church.

When she awoke the next morning she did not know why she felt so unhappy; then it all came back to her. She wondered what he was thinking of now. Just then her eyes fell upon a letter which bore the postmark of a little village near there where her aunt lived. She opened and read it. It was

from her aunt, asking her to leave the city and spend the summer with her in the quiet country home. She decided she would go, and perhaps she would not see Jack again. She spent the next week preparing for her departure.

* * * * * * *

Jack had remained at home this summer for the first time in his life. Most of the girls had left, so he went over quite often to see True. One day he came back from Roseland, after spending the whole day with her, and it began to dawn upon him that *perhaps* he was on the verge of falling in love with her. At any rate, he had some of the symptoms. He would go over that day and see if such a thing could possibly be true. The next question was whether she cared for him or not. He thought she cared for him as a friend, but whether she thought of him in any other way was hard to decide. He concluded he would go over that evening and take her for a drive, and coming home in the moonlight he would tell her of his love. When he drove up in a rubber-tire trap, drawn by two beautiful black horses, she was waiting for him on the veranda, attired in a simple white lawn, and Jack thought she never looked more beautiful than she did standing there framed in by the honeysuckle.

They drove to a large spring, and after wandering about the grove for an hour or more, started home in the moonlight. "True, it is needless for me to tell you what you could not help having guessed already—that I love you. And now, dear girl, the time has come when you must say whether I may ever claim you as my own or not."

True was too overcome to speak or move. She knew that he meant every word he said. Was it a dream or was it really true that he loved her?

"True, have you nothing to say to me—not one word of hope? I was afraid it would be this way. Will you never love me?"

"Jack," she said, "you know I love you!" Just then the moon hid her face behind a cloud and an hour or two later Jack reached home.

That night True lay awake to think of her happiness. There was no doubt in *her* mind that her future would be one long, uninterrupted era of happiness. As for Jack, he went

home satisfied. *He* wondered if they would be happy together. Had he made a mistake? Was he ready to give up his life of freedom? However, he slept soundly and awoke in the morning very happy.

MR. AND MRS. JOHN D. MAINE

ANNOUNCE THE MARRIAGE OF THEIR NIECE

GERTRUDE HAMILTON

TO

MR. JACK MEREDITH TREADWELL

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER EIGHTH,

NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TWO,

AT HIGH NOON,

ROSELAND, MISSISSIPPI.

NANCY LEE NEILSON.

On Friday Afternoon.

ELIZABETH EVANS put her desk in order, and closed the school-room for the day with a feeling of relief. It had been a trying day, as the week it ended had been a long, hard week, and she was tired. She turned the key in the lock and stood for a moment looking out across the prairie before starting on her lone walk of a mile and a half to her boarding-place.

She was glad it was Friday. She could spend to-morrow in town. And what woman would not be glad at the prospect of a day's shopping, especially if she has spent the winter shut in or shut *out*, away out in the country, with nothing more exciting for pastime than an occasional "candy-breaking" or "singing" in the neighborhood?

To be sure, she had found diversion in her work—trying to teach the young idea how to shoot in the Beach Forest temple of learning. It had proven rather unsuccessful, however; for the aforementioned young idea had no aspiration for "shooting," other than in the regulation manner—with guns or pistols. Intellectual attainments had no attraction for him. Books were sealed mysteries; lessons unknown quantities, *decidedly;* and although she had labored honestly and earnestly for nearly six months, she had been unable to make any appreciable change in this state of affairs. Discouraging? Well, yes, somewhat. But she had learned to look over little things like that. The "education of the masses" is an easier matter in theory than in practice—much easier.

She had won a reputation as "the best teacher" Beach Forest had had for the last ten years; but in her heart she knew this was no compliment; for her predecessors, from aught she could learn of them, had been but a poor lot of makeshifts. They had all had their "hobbies," and each one had "ridden"

through the entire term, regardless of the needs of the pupils, or the demands of the public.

That of Miss Murray had been "grammar" and grammar as taught by her meant the grouping together of nouns, pronouns, verbs, or prepositions. No idea of the building of sentences, or of the meaning of those "nouns, pronouns, prepositions, and verbs" had entered into their creed.

Professor Gray, who had held sway there last, had taught spelling and gravity. Rather an abstract subject, the latter, for a backwoods school to deal with. But he had taught it and *talked* it until each and every child understood it as the uncontrollable force that rules the universe. They offered it in explanation of all problems of mind or matter! Sometimes Miss Evans found it hard to retain her "gravity" in face of some of the laughable blunders to which it led. Once when she had asked the history class what led to the discovery of America, a great overgrown Ichabod Crane had answered, "Gravity." And again, in answer to the question, "What faculties has man that the lower animals have not?" she had received the same answer, "Gravity."

Only to-day one of the advanced geography class had asked her if gravity made a "Seenaytor," and the puzzled teacher had replied, "I dont know, Luther. Bring your book and let's see what it is." When he came, pointing with his big grimy finger to the paragraph, she read: "The Senate consists of two *Senators* from each State."

All the little bits of fun from the school-room, Elizabeth kept to regale the home-folks with in her frequent letters; and all her queer experiences in this out-of-the-way corner of the world were graphically "reported to headquarters," to use her younger brother's phrase. Her next letter would be a long, long one. So many things had happened in the last few days.

And she walked slowly down the lane, thinking over the items of to-night's "report." She would have to tell of her ride to school in the ox-cart, the day it rained. Of her drive to Compton with the big German farmer, who had insisted upon making love to her all the way. And of the note she had received to-day from the youthful swain who had once or twice escorted her to some "social function." She had forgotten his ever having asked her to go driving, but it seemed he remem-

bered. And such a note! She took it from her pocket and reread it.

"Dear Miss Lizzie," it ran. To think of being called "Miss Lizzie"! That was even worse than the impersonal "Teacher," to which she must answer all day long, in the school-room. At home she was Elizabeth always, or Miss Evans. But here to think of his calling *her* anything at all was absurd.

"Dear Miss Lizzie: I thought you just didn't want to go with me when I saw you getting into Mr. Van Stein's buggy; but you know how us boys is, and I forgive you. I had rather talk to you as any girl in Texas, and I will come and take you to singing Saturday night, if you are agreeable, so no more.

Your friend,

SAM SARGENT.

"Good-bye."

Rather different from any she had ever received before. She wondered——But what was that? A sullen, rumbling noise was coming down the road. Horrors! 'T was that fearful "long-horn" cow! Dropping her lunch basket, and scattering its contents broadcast, the austere and stately Miss Evans tucked her skirts around her and rolled under the fence into the field. And then with bated breath she waited for him to "pass by on the other side." But no; when he reached the turn of the road, instead of turning, he hurled himself into that same field. There was nothing *else* to be done; so down dropped Elizabeth again and rolled speedily, if *awkwardly*, into the road, tearing her skirt and leaving her sunbonnet hanging to the wire.

Regaining her feet, she turned at the sound of approaching wheels, and in turning, stepped backward against the fence, which being of barbed wire, caught and held her fast prisoner in its claws.

What perverse fate was it ordained this moment as the time for the passing of Harry Ackron down Beach Forest lane? Handsome Harry Ackron, whom she had known always, and who had left home unexpectedly a few years ago because she—but no matter—that was so long ago now.

"Elizabeth Evans, by all that is holy!" And the horses were pulled to a sudden standstill while their driver, springing from the buggy, came to her assistance.

"I—I—was—inside the field," stammered Elizabeth, simply.

"And not liking it in there, you have fastened yourself on the outside, to make sure of never going back again," he ventured. "But please tell me, what *are* you doing away out here? I thought you were at Sullins yet at school. Now that I've freed you from your *barb-wire* captor, come, get into my buggy and let me take you wherever you are going, while you explain to me."

And because each of them had to explain, the drive was prolonged. And that night Elizabeth had another item for her home "report."

"XANTIPPE."

Why They Was Wed.

Well, James had been a-lovin' Annie
Since she was a little girl;
He used to watch her sunny face,
And even minded how a curl would
Seem to kind of know its place,
And nestle down contented there.
He didn't blame it—thought he 'd rather
Like himself to be her hair.
He would sit and paint her picture
(In his mind, you know, I mean)—
How she 'd look when she 'd be grown up,
And with him could then be seen,
Walkin' maybe in the gloamin',
Sittin' with him on the stile,
Lookin' at the sun a-settin',
Smilin' at him all the while—
Makin' his heart feel like poppin'
With its love so big and strong.
Yet when she was just a baby
Tellin' her of it seemed wrong.
Just a baby? Well, most nigh it,
For she 'd only turned sixteen,
While his years were seven and twenty,
So right smart lay in between.
Oftentimes he 'd watch her walk with
Ribbons flutterin' in the breeze,
Stoppin' maybe for to rest a
Minute 'neath the shadin' trees.
She was not so powerful pretty,
She had not such charm of grace—
What he loved and what he dreamt of
Was the smile upon her face;
How it brightened all around her,
Causing his heart to be glad,
Till she 'd gone—then in recalling,
Somehow it would make him sad.
He had heard her mother say she
Was the light of all the place,
With a sunshine in her heart and
Beamin' through it on her face.
Singin' like the birds, but sweeter,

For the sounds from her pure heart
Floated to him with a message
That a bird could not impart.
Thus he lived and worked and loved her
In his noble, manly way;
Waitin' for the time when she was
Old enough to have her say.
And it came to him, so patient,
Came, and found him skeered to death;
Tremblin' like a leaf in Autumn—
Just afraid to take his breath.
When he met her in the pathway
That leads down to wood and crick—
All dressed up she was, and tidy—
Everything new, clean, and slick—
There he stood and gazed upon her,
Lookin' love he dared not say,
Till she murmured, "You must sure have
Heard that I 'm nineteen to-day."
On he led her to the crick-bridge,
At the closing hour of day,
Sayin', "I 've a present for you
You can never throw away;
I have loved you since you was a
Baby-girl, so pure and sweet;
In your home, around the fireside,
At the church, and on the street,
And, God bless you, I have loved you
Since you was so very small
I could hold you on my knee, and
Teach you there my name to call.
Now I look across the waters
And can see your lovely face;
Close my eyes, still 't is before me,
Light or dark, in every place.
On my heart your name is printed,
In my mind your memory 's sweet;
So I 've brought my love to-day, and
Humbly lay it at your feet.
All I am and all I 've worked for
Will be yours for just one word;
Dearer to my heart 't will be than
Any I have ever heard.
Tell me I 've not loved in vain, and
Let me be a birthday gift;
Let me guide you all through life, and
Every burden let me lift.
Annie, do you know I 'd die, dear,
For the sake of you I love,
And in heaven just wait and pray till

You could come to me above?
Don't you think that you can love me?
That is all that I shall ask, and,
Seein' that I 'm old and ugly,
It will be a right big task,
But you 'll surely be rewarded
By the joy to me 't will give,
And I 'll live and work and labor
For you, every day I live.
You was young and I seemed sort of
Old to make you love me then,
So I 've waited months and years,
Prayin' for the moment when
You should be a grown-up woman—
Old enough to know your mind,
Old enough to look around you
And the proper man to find."
"Well, I 've found him," whispered Annie,
Lookin' shy, yet happy too—
"And when you decide you want me,
Why—I think I 'll marry you."

"Inasmuch."

OH, no, she had never considered her religion seriously. Somehow it had never occurred to Dorothy that there is much in it anyway. Things present, to which she sustained a tangible relation—parties, picnics, and such like—seemed the only things worth while; at least such was the conclusion that flitted through her mind when any thought even approaching the serious tried to seek entrance.

But, then, it was quite the thing to belong to the Y. W. C. A. It gave one *tone* almost like belonging to the Anti-Starvation Club. Besides, it showed progress and broadness of mind to be chosen to preside over an august body where the golden rule was the subject of engrossing interest, and a club also where jolly good partners met together to veto by word and deed all bills prohibiting pickles, cakes, and bonbons at unseasonable hours.

Possibly, it was due to immaturity of judgment in Dorothy that the Anti-Starvation Club was really more enticing to her. She dearly loved a good time; which occasionally meant to her to do the forbidden thing, such a thing having an alluring charm that nothing else possessed. Her sympathies were warm, however, and no one ever appealed to her in vain when seeking help for a Thanksgiving dinner for the poor, articles of clothing or a contribution for foreign missions

But the principle underlying these charities always seemed vague, indefinite, and intangible to her. She gave to them, as a matter of course, anything that was past usefulness to herself—the discarded shirtwaist, minus the pretty buttons, or the worn-out dressing sacque, soiled beyond recovery at the last chafing-dish party. Somehow, giving came to mean to her, as it does to many others, a comfortable way of disposing of what can no longer be made use of for oneself. Tho' if she had been accused of this, she would, no doubt, have resented it hotly.

Of these very same college experiences she was idly thinking one lazy afternoon in July, as she swung herself slowly backward and forward in the hammock. Suddenly some one said to her: "They are all that you deserve; you *must* put them on, there are no more for you."

"But I don't like them," she replied. "I didn't know it would be like this; I thought everybody up here wore beautiful white robes; I never wore these even on earth."

"I am sorry to have to insist on it," was the calm reply, "but these are all you may have; they are yours anyway, you see."

"Yes, but I had stopped wearing them and gave them away; I didn't want them any longer," she continued to plead as, glancing up, she saw angelic figures in trailing white garments ascending to higher abodes, and eagerly added: "Why may I not go with them?"

"They? Oh, they are going to higher mansions," replied the voice. "On earth, they gave of their best, and often even gladly deprived themselves to share with others. You really would be in uncongenial company; so you must take these," handing her some of her cast-off garments which had been a part of her earthly charities.

Seeing that insistence would do no good, Dorothy burst into tears and with broken heart and hopeless spirit donned the old familiar suit, and then casually glanced round to see who were her companions.

At a table nearby sat men and women in ragged apparel eating crusts and mouldy scraps of food, and she wondered if that was like the food they gave to the hungry on earth. And then a very sweet voice near her said: "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto me." And with a start, she turned round, and lo! she was in her dear old hammock, with the evening glories bursting into beauty all 'round her cozy corner.

That she really was on earth with the opportunity to give of her best, was the happiest realization of Dorothy's life.

Bobby and Billy.

Bobby and Billy both love me, they say,
And each proves his love in every sweet way
To capture the heart of a girl;
Bobby sends candy, and Billy sends flowers,
And both talk sweet nonsense for hours,
Till my heart is all in a whirl.

I love both Bobby and Billy, and Bobby and Billy love me,
But, sad to relate, 't is a very queer state,
For Bobby and Billy can never agree
About anything except loving me.

Bobby and Billy were once dearest friends—
Sad, sad how friendship often ends
When love doth enter the heart;
If I dance with Bobby, then Billy gets mad,
If I sing with Billy, then Bobby looks sad—
There 's no fun save when they 're apart.

I love both Bobby and Billy, and Bobby and Billy love me,
But, sad to relate, 't is a very queer state,
For Bobby and Billy can never agree
About anything except loving me.

Now I could be happy with twenty-five beaux,
And love each the same, for every one knows
I 'm just a wee bit of a flirt;
But I mean no harm, 't is only for fun:
I laugh and I sing as life's course I run,
And trust that no one is much hurt.

I love both Bobby and Billy, and Bobby and Billy love me,
But, sad to relate, 't is a very queer state,
For Bobby and Billy can never agree
About anything except loving me.

Spiders and Butterflies.

'TWAS at a reception that this particular spider met this particular butterfly, whereby much entanglement in a mazy web followed. The spiders were dressed all in their best—eye-glasses, and hair parted in the middle; long-tailed coats, high-standing collars, and patent leather shoes. The butterflies were unusually brilliant in gowns of dazzling beauty, outrivaling the hues of Iris and Aurora combined. But particularly beautiful was the butterfly in trailing robes of filmy white, hair dressed a la Janice Meredith, and ribbons, laces, and ruffles flowing in such profusion round her delicately moulded form that she was quite the despair of all the other butterflies.

No wonder that the spider with the highest standing collar and the slenderest figure sought her first and easily fell a prey to the snare of her wonderful charms. Inviting her to the coziest cozy corner of the large reception hall where he might enjoy her attractions unmolested by admiring rivals, he was somewhat abashed at first to find her demure and unresponsive to his gayest sallies of wit or most fascinating expressions of flattery; for the butterfly, unknown to him, had been studying "Hamlet" and was cultivating deliberation, that she might be esteemed wise.

Finally, bethinking himself that an opposite course of attack might prove effective in breaking the frozen exterior of her lovely charms, he turned his batteries by inquiring in guileful terms after the butterflies in blue, pink, and yellow that flitted here and there amid the gay throng. Quick as a flash this butterfly in white likewise changed position, and Ophelia herself was not more hopelessly a prey to the seductive fascinations of Hamlet than was she to the charms of the spider.

After the reception, further to express his admiration, the spider sent the butterfly a ten-pound box of "Huyler's," enclosing a delicately tinted note emphasizing how utterly he had fallen a captive to her charms.

Dr. Barker, the august president of the College where the butterfly was studying "Hamlet," called her into his terrible presence and severely reprimanded her for receiving notes from the spider. Besides, he insisted that the dainty missive should be returned.

With dejected spirit the butterfly obeyed. But, oh, when were Fates so unkind! The dignified father of the spider had the same initials as his son, and opening the tiny note which he thought was for himself he read the sweet effusion.

Recognizing his mistake, he called his son before him and gave him the following advice: "When you write to butterflies in the future, inform them that you and I are one." This message was accordingly sent to the butterfly at the College, but such a strict surveillance over mails (?) had been set by the President that the butterfly had to acknowledge the contents of the note and promise ever afterwards to forego all communication with the spider, which brought to a close their charming little episode with its halo of bright expectations.

Sullins Back in the Seventies.

MY DEAR EDITOR-IN-CHIEF:—Your daintily written note of some days past, confers an honor of which I am entirely unworthy. You prick the weakest of my many weak points, and the wound is to the heart; as I suffer in incompetency, and also with love for Sullins, for the OMEGA, and for all now interested in this work. Should this sympathy cause my letter to be long-drawn-out, do not become weary, as there may be a little "food for rehashing."

Your request says "any subject." Well, as a dull girl back in the seventies, I might turn to the latter part of the old Quackenboss Rhetoric, and looking down the line of given subjects, my eyes rest upon the word "Diligence." Your bright faces would darken, and all in concert say, "O! no. Are we not urged to that every hour by four and twenty teachers?" Next, "Punctuality"; but again comes the response, "Those electric bells, that wait neither for teacher, pupil, nor servant—do they not express more than your feeble pen can possibly write?" Then "Patience," but in this age there is little need of patience, so with all impatience my effort would be more than lost. Near the last of the line there is the word "Weeds." Many ideas come of the weeds that too often flourish above plank floors, and inside of brick walls; some weeds, seemingly so harmless, put up their bloom only too soon, to show themselves bitter enemies to all that is good; others spring up with neither beauty nor bloom—only sharp, piercing needles that tear at the soul. An allegory of a noble girl knighted, contending with and conquering all weeds growing in the College paths—but alas, you stop your ears and cry, "A sermon! a sermon! All unsuitable for our OMEGA."

Perhaps you would make use of something on College lore—trite, but always interesting to some.

Excepting the old covered wagons that came ladened with back-country barter, Sullins and King were the life of the village, and both, at that time, were out of town. Each girl at Sullins had a cousin at King, unheard of until after the first of each September; and, if on the morning after Hallowe'en this same new-found cousin's trunk was at your door and yours at his—it was Puck at his mischief, it only meant much teasing, and a trip with a wheelbarrow for the K. C. boy. The pranks and jokes, which were many in both schools, were looked upon as children's play. Temperance lectures and church suppers were almost the extent of our worldly amusements. Then children were children until they were old enough to become men and women and old people did not so soon forget their innocent youth.

The College grounds once extended to the creek; the nearest business house was at Fifth Street. In those days the students were not lined up for a street exercise of thirty minutes, but after the games on the play-grounds, they went to the wood-pile and carried up the necessary night wood; one in each room took a bucket to the spring for water, just as good, healthy girls should do.

There came a time when the little plot of land as it is now, with one small building—which then appeared very grand—had to be fenced and improved. One June the President asked a talented young civil engineer to lay out and grade the grounds, asking his terms, to which he replied, "You will have to pay me a neat little sum *now*, but if you can wait until September, I will be glad to do the work for my board." The brown-eyed girl resumed her search for knowledge, and for more than a year Barney Campbell, the Irishman, his mule and dump-cart, did the work, while the young engineer was very busy, visionably accomplishing nothing. The language of these days were for many years spoken by the two hearts that graced the upper terraces, with only room for a fountain between.

The fountain never matured, but there came a starved-out Dutchman who would build a "thing of beauty"—hence the rock-pile, which some of you remember. At this time there was a girl whom description does not describe. She was tall, graceful, pretty, witty, good, bad, admired by all, yet envied by none; and her companion answered to the name of "Cin."

While the old Dutchman piled up the rock with ferns and rare plants, she would sneak up on the opposite side, plant weeds, and get away unobserved by him. As he worked around you could hear him say, "Dot dee-vil of a Gentry girl phat's been here again." The language teacher was DeHome, direct from Paris, who spoke "d' English no-tall." One cold winter's day this same girl pounded a soft cushion on the chair at his desk; not thinking it more than a luxury, she quietly removed the feathers and filled it with snow, which after being handled, is not so soft as the down on a duck's breast. His movements were, usually, quick—but they were doubly quick on leaving the room. Of what he said in French, Spanish, German, or Italian, we only understood "That Gentry girl." Sufficient to say that she was "the pebble" that gave his pupils a week's rest.

Among our Faculty members was a short, fat, little German Professor, to whom befell a very serious but harmless accident. In his class-room was a tall, narrow wood-box. Once, when reaching for wood, he lost his balance and, to our dismay, was standing head down in the box. As he fit so tight he could not get out, we all scampered off for help.

There was yet another whose head was of the color so dreaded by all the pupils. One night this teacher was thoroughly drenched, because her head was supposed to be the flames that were consuming our beloved walls. Tho' she had not this kind of fire, she had, in the class-room, a certain power that made us feel as if we were either being roasted on a triangular gridiron, or being suffocated in the war-horse that stood before the walls of Troy.

It was not all play and no work. True, we did not have the new-fangled Annual to harass—to make us happy; but the "Sunbeam" in its school-girlish air, and the "K. C. Exponent," in its more formidable style, were issued each month. Not a few of us knew full well how many words it took to make a column, and how far apart locals and personals could be placed to fill up. When the publisher's request came for more matter, such trouble we would have, and often resorted to the column "Reserved for a big Ad. in the next number." In the event a pay advertisement was not secured we boomed our neighbor College.

As for teaching, we had very little; we were supposed to study our books and recite in the language thereof, so the teacher could keep the place. We knew the ground to be covered in the term, so we divided the number of pages by the number of days, allowing so many for review, and full plenty for lost time. Then the absence of a teacher did not affect us so seriously as it does you in the present day.

In looking back upon many things that annoyed the school girl of twenty years ago, I deem you greatly blest in your shelter, in your student body, in your faculty, and especially in your protector.

Let me impress upon each of your companions that you are spinning your threads now; by and by you will weave the cloth. So be careful to make each thread of the best texture, of the most endurable color, strong, but beware of knots; for all of this will either make or mar the yards—or years—to come.

Would that I might dip my brushes into the blue of truth and paint a sky of deepest hue, scattered over with white-winged clouds of peace; into the colors of a foreground rugged and steep with its narrow path; into the twelve tints of the twelve gems, for a wall in the distance; and a gate of single pearl open to every one of you.

M. E. K.

Students of Session 1902.

THE students of Sullins College of Session 1902 are purely of a Southern type in manner, deportment, and bearing; and coming from the best families of our Southland, whose ancestors belong to the old cavalier family of England, they bring into their college life that congeniality, vivacity, and gaiety so characteristic of the Southern people. Like their native land, with its birds, flowers, and sunshine, they are nature's children; and being never depressed or melancholy, they see the bright side of things, and have the tact of infusing their happiness into the lives of all who come within the radius of their friendship. In the matter of studying, they perform it in such a way that it is not indeed a work, but rather a kind of relaxation and pleasure.

They are ambitious, have great aspirations for literary perfection, and are fond of the arts of music, painting, singing, and perhaps dancing. These facts are evinced on the occasion of their public recitals and receptions. As for College costume and such paraphernalia and trappings, they wear nothing of such goods. Their appearance on the streets and in social circles is always in civil dress of the latest and best fashion. It is only on the occasion of baseball games or such like sport that they put on gay colors. This is done, however, with the friendly intention to stimulate our home boys to greater efforts in their athletics.

Their deportment and literary appearance leave no doubt in the minds of the people that they are students, consequently, they don't have to don College costume like the "Vassar girls" and "co-eds" of the North to punctuate their literary habits and taste, for a pure gem needs no placard to advertise its virtues.

Their College home is a scene of contentment, serenity, and pleasure, and no haggard and care-worn faces are seen. The

building is large and comfortable, facing two streets, and has many windows, thus affording an excellent view over the city and especially on the near street, where many walk with slanting eyes.

Many students, no doubt, when they are wearied from books, get much inspiration and diversion from the service of the windows.

The geographical range of the College outdoors is not, however, what the most fastidious and those fond of long walks for health and other recreation, may desire; but of this much-needed want, there is no complaint whatever, for there is an old code of law, quite explicit on outdoor exercise, and just as immutable as the laws of the Medes and Persians, and against which all appeals are vain and useless.

But the indoor range of freedom is not so much guarded by rigid laws. So some events happen at midnight that don't give the lady members of the faculty very angelic faces. Sometimes at the very dead of night, when the faculty are in the land of Nod and are dreaming dreams of angels and ethereal things, the students are on the way of pranks and tricks. Then trunks and fixtures seem to become animated and to take perambulatory strolls through the College halls, and are not returned when the morning light appears. Then trouble is in camp.

The grandest events of the session are the receptions. Then pleasure reaches its high-water mark, the ports, so to speak, are opened to foreigners, and the blockade of discipline is temporarily suspended. A new party is introduced into the learned halls of the College, quite another type than that living within its walls. The meeting of the two forces, so unlike in appearance, yet so attracted to each other by nature, produces sensations and feelings that evade the province of a pen to describe. Great occasions require always, big preparations. When a date for a reception is fixed, and invitations have gone out, there is a flutter and a stir among the students. All faces are bright and brilliant with expectation. The old College building lays aside its substantial and business-like appearance. All at once many delicate hands are busy adorning its interior. The long College halls, by gorgeous and elaborate floral decoration is transformed into a garden of flowers, the pillars are

wrapped with gay College colors, and the ceiling is covered with flags and gay bunting. In the midst of this artistic arrangement of flowers, ribbons, and bunting, almost innumerable electric lights are placed in every direction, which sparkle like diamonds and throw a halo of splendor over everything. In this veritable palace, amid the discourse of sweet music, there come to share in Sullins' hospitality for a limited time in the evening, the invited gentlemen guests of Bristol and neighboring Colleges, all tailored and dressed for the occa-ion.

These veteran gentlemen of society who boast of much prowess in the realm of hearts, on taking their long course of introduction and wasting so much vitality by their genuflexions and bows, are soon humbled to the ground and become the most faithful and obedient followers to their superiors (in dress) that have them in charge.

Long live the girls of Sullins College of 1902, and may their lives continue to be happy as the same have been this session.

R. T. Lake.

A Letter From Europe.

Sullins Girl Writes Interestingly to Mrs. Barker.

MRS. S. N. BARKER, of Sullins College for Young Ladies, is in receipt of the following very interesting letter from one of her pupils, who remembers kindly those who helped her in the beneficent work of securing an education, such as has so well fitted her to appreciate the wonders she has beheld in the Old World:

LONDON, ENGLAND, August 7th, 1900.

MY DEAR MRS. BARKER:—I am now in this, the largest city in the world, and thinking you would like to hear from one of your girls so far away, I write this letter.

I shall not attempt to tell you even the half of what I have seen, but will begin at the beginning and hurriedly sketch something about every place I have visited.

There are seven of us in our party, my uncle and aunt, their two children, Miss Davis, my brother, and myself. We sailed from New York June 14, on the "Konigin Luise," one of the North German Lloyd steamships, and will only say that we had a most calm and altogether delightful voyage, and with only one day of seasickness. We landed at Cherbourg, France, on the twenty-third, and after having our baggage duly inspected, boarded our train for Paris. We stayed in that most beautiful city ten days and enjoyed every moment of the time. The Exposition does not equal the Chicago Fair, and we spent only two days at the grounds. The rest of our time was taken up in seeing Paris and its environs. I shall only name some of the most important places which we visited, and as you have read about them I shall not attempt to describe them, but I can now say that reading is not seeing in this case. Among some of the places we visited are: Church of the Madalen; Place de la

Concord, the finest square in the world; Champs-Élysées and its Palace; the Arch of Triumph; Palace of Trocadero; Eiffel Tower; Tomb of Napoleon I; Palace of Justice; Notre Dame; Palace of the Bastille; the cemetery, which is called the "City of the Dead"; the Vendôme Column; Palace and Museum of the Louvre, the finest art gallery in the world, and connecting it, the Garden of the Tuileries; carpet manufactory of the Gobelins; Panthéon; Galleries of the Luxembourg, and many other things in the city which I can't recall just now. I feel like I am doing an injustice not to describe some of these places, but I have so much more to tell. I must not leave out our coaching party to Versailles, twelve miles from Paris, which was one of the three most enjoyable days I have spent so far. We drove through several beautiful parks, and the entire road was one of the most beautiful you can imagine. While at Versailles we saw the following: Grand Trianon, the private apartments of Napoleon, Josephine, Mme. Maintenon; bedroom of Louis XIV, nine state carriages, royal ballroom and palace galleries and parks of Versailles itself; and on our way home we stopped at Sèvres and visited the porcelain manufactory there.

Well, I must stop writing about Paris. From there we went to Genoa, Italy, the birthplace of Columbus, then on to Pisa to see the wonderful leaning tower, and made our next long stop at Rome. Here again I find that time and space will not permit me to do justice to this most interesting and ancient city, but I shall have to only name the things I saw there. The Janiculum Hill, from the top of which you get a splendid view of Rome and its Seven Hills, three of which we visited, viz.: Palatine, Capitoline, and Esquiline; remains of the Golden House of Nero, and many other such ruins, as the Walls of Romulus, Palaces of Caligula, Domitian, etc., Aqueduct of Nero, Trojan Forum, Temple of Hercules and of Fortuna, House of Rienzi, Palatine Bridge, and also that defended by Horatio, Aurelian Walls, Arch of Constantine, Colosseum, St. Paul's Cathedral, St. Peter's Church, which is said to be the largest building in the world; the Vatican, now the home of the Pope, whom we saw in St. Peter's on Sunday; Capitoline Museum, many beautiful Churches, Appian Way, Catacombs, and, oh my! things which would take all week or more to write. I had already seen so much when I got to Rome that my brain was quite bewildered.

And now I feel that I never will be able to remember what I most desired to remember. I can now realize the old saying that Rome was not built in a day; neither can it be seen in that time. From Rome we next went to Naples, and I believe of all I have seen, I shall remember my visit there longer than any. The Bay of Naples is a beautiful blue, dotted with sail boats of all kinds. On one side lies the Island of Capri, and on the other Mt. Vesuvius is still puffing out her smoke and ashes. The inhabitants of Naples are the most uncleanly, beggarly kind of people on earth, and they have certainly carried out God's command, "to multiply and replenish the earth," for the children swarm there like bees in a hive. The donkey, goat, cat, dog, baby, and chickens all occupy the same quarters, while right out on the street, they are washing, cooking, sewing, and doing most everything else that their hands find to do. But we enjoyed such sights as something the like of which we had never seen before nor probably never will see again. We hired a carriage and drove to Pompeii, and after spending several hours rambling through that once illustrious city, we commenced our ascent of the cause of this great destruction, Mt. Vesuvius itself. I only wish I had time to describe our ascent to you, but have not. The lava was poured out and cooled in every shape you could imagine, some places resembling human bodies. We drove up as far as we could and then took the funicular railway up to within two hundred yards of the crater. This railway is almost straight up and down and my head grew quite dizzy when I looked back. We got out of the car and then walked up to the very edge of the crater and peeped over, which was a sight I shall never forget. About two or three months ago, you know, there was another eruption, however a slight one, but the ashes and cinders from it had not cooled off yet and the soles of our shoes were burned somewhat. But still we were determined to peep into the crater itself. Our stay at Naples was most pleasant, and after leaving there we went to Venice. We were charmed with this city on the water and never tired of riding in the gondolas which were the only means of getting anywhere in the city. But of course you know how Venice is built. We visited many things of interest there, among them the lace and glass manufactories. We stopped next at Milan only long enough to see the Cathedral and one or two other

important places, and then bade farewell to Italy, the land of blue skies, and started to Switzerland, the garden-spot of Europe. We were two days traveling in the Alps, and the scenery, tho' beautiful in the extreme, was enjoyed all the more by us, after the crowded cities of Italy. I will not describe the Alps, for it has been reserved for Byron in his "Manfred" and Ruskin in his description of a sunrise in the Alps, to set forth the grandeur of the scene which greets the enraptured gaze, and it were but presumption for us weaker mortals to attempt to follow the flights of their lofty genius. We reached Lucerne, first of the Swiss cities, and from there made several little side trips in the mountains. We drove to Grindelwald and there went upon the glacier which bears its name. I had never quite understood before what a glacier was like. In the glacier are ice caves hewn out through the solid ice and high enough to stand upright inside. The light as you enter produces a curious effect, being a transparent bluish tinge. The glacier is shut in by three peaks, each of them over 10,000 feet high. We visited Interlaken and Bern, and then went to Mainz, where we took the steamer up the Rhine to Cologne. Our day's ride up the Rhine was delightful and the places made memorable by the legends were pointed out to us, and we dreamed as it were that we were in fairyland, and no doubt had we been the sailor we should have suffered his same fate as we neared the Loreleii, which are great bluffs jutting out into the river, and upon these sat the beautiful maiden as she lured the sailors into the rapids below. Fair Bingen also attracted our attention, and altogether it was a dream of beautiful scenery, jutting crags, ruined castles, vine-clad hills, and quaint German towns succeeding one another in such rapid succession that we sat entranced. We were, however, awakened from our dream when we reached Cologne and the spires of its lofty Cathedral loomed in the distance. Cologne is a beautiful city, but contains nothing much of interest except its Cathedral, which is the finest in the world. We went from there to Amsterdam, and then to Brussels. Our visit out to Waterloo was delightful. The drive is one road of most beautiful shade trees and on each side of the road were fields of waving yellow grain. On the battlefield is erected a mound of earth 145 feet high, and 1,066 feet around the base, the dirt having been taken there off the battlefield by the women and carried in

baskets. So the women, and not the men, had the honor of erecting a monument to commemorate one of the greatest battles in the world's history and one which changed the map of Europe. On the top of this mound is a lion looking fiercely toward the south, where lies France. A splendid view of the whole battlefield may be obtained from the top of this monument, and the guide explained the exact positions and movements of both armies.

Our stay at Brussels was full of interest and pleasure. We took the steamer at Ostend and after giving a last look at the Continent, sailed across the Channel for grand old England. Our passage across was very rough, and every one on board was sick. We have only been in London three or four days, so have not seen much of it yet. We spent one day in the British Museum, one in Westminster Abbey, a part of one in the Tower and seeing other parts of the city. I have found the "Old Curiosity Shop," and it looks quite as I expected. We will stay about ten days here and then take a short trip through England and Scotland, and sail for home the twenty-fifth. I hope you will find this letter legible, and get some idea of what I have seen. I will close now. With much love to you and all whom I know, I remain,

Yours sincerely,

AUDREY C. MAGRUDER.

European Views

As Sketched by a Former Pupil of Sullins College.

BRUNSWICK, Mo., October 18th, 1900.

MY DEAR MRS. BARKER:—While in Europe this summer, I wrote you from London telling you about some of the things I had seen in my travels, and promised, if I ever reached home, to finish my letter to you and tell you about my trip through England and Scotland. I shall this afternoon try to fulfil my promise.

To-day, it is cold, gloomy, and quite in contrast with the day on which we left London, August 14th. We made a short stop in Oxford, but long enough to visit quite a number of its noted colleges. There are twenty-two in number, most of which we viewed from the exterior, going inside of only five or six. In the grounds surrounding Magdalen College is a beautiful shady avenue of trees known as "Addison's Walk," it being a favorite resort of the poet while a student at the college. We spent two or three hours rambling thro' several of the colleges and then boarded our train for Warwick. Around that quaint little town cluster some of the most interesting spots in England. There all around us lay the noted country of Shakespeare. Warwick Castle, owned by the Countess of Warwick, now Lady Brooke, is the most beautiful place I saw while in Europe. The castle itself is very pretty, but we wandered through its grounds as through fairyland. Beautiful shady walks, crystal streams silently flowing through flag and water-grass, ivy-covered branches of oak, elm, and yew trees, among which you could hear the twitterings of slyly hidden songsters, luxuriant growth of ferns bending their own weight to kiss the mosses beneath, and over all a blue haze mellowed and illumined by the sinking sun—all this met our enraptured gaze and we stood as in a

dream. We were brought back to this world by seeing other visitors hurrying towards the entrance and we were reminded that the gates would close upon us in a few moments. The next day we drove to Kenilworth to view the castle about which Scott has told us so much, and which is now in ruins. This must at one time have been a beautiful place. We continued our drive to Stratford-on-Avon, the birthplace of Shakespeare. The house in which he was born still stands. It contains four rooms, the "living-room," as it was then called, the smoking-room, wash-room, and pantry, all of which are on the ground floor, and above is the attic-room in which the poet was born. The furniture consists of several old desks and chairs. The walls are covered with the names of visitors, and on the window-panes can be seen scratched on the glass the signatures of Carlisle and Scott, and on the ceiling that of Robert Browning. Looking through a back window you can see a garden, wherein all the trees and flowers mentioned in the poet's works have, as far as possible, been planted. We next visited his grave in Holy Trinity church. Beside him rests his wife, Anne Hathaway. On our way back to Warwick we passed Anne Hathaway's cottage, a quaint, ivy-covered house, on one side of which is the garden, kept just as Anne kept it, and also the park in which Shakespeare killed the deer. There is now a herd of one hundred deer in the park and the incident of the arrest was brought to our minds by seeing the old bars at which he was caught. We were loath to leave a place so full of interest, but the next morning found us on our way to Edinburgh. We made short stops in Birmingham and Sheffield, both dirty manufacturing towns. The country just before reaching Edinburgh presents a wild aspect, though softened somewhat by the lavender-colored heather hills on which the sheep were grazing, and the rock fences and stone houses. Edinburgh is a beautiful city, and contains many things of interest. Here Scott and Burns both have beautiful monuments erected to their memory. The castle is full of interest to historians, having connected with it the unfortunate story of Mary, Queen of Scots. Holyrood Palace is most interesting also. Queen Mary's apartments and the awful deeds that were planned within these walls, make it a place at once full of mystery and awe. From Edinburgh we went to Aberfoyle, a small village in the Highlands, and found ourselves in the district once held in

terror by Rob Roy and his band of Highlanders. Aberfoyle is beautifully situated, being surrounded on all sides by mountains covered with heather, which gives them a reddish cast, and the valley is dotted here and there with small lakes, the prettiest of which is Loch Katrine. Scott tells us in his "Lady of the Lake," that on a small island in the middle of this lake, lived Ellen Douglas and her father. In the side of the right bank of Loch Ard is a small opening, which our guide told us was the entrance to Rob Roy's cave, and on the opposite bank is the Bailie tree and Echo rock.

After visiting many spots around this little village we joined a coaching party which started early the next morning for a drive through the lakes via the Trossachs. This drive was one of the most beautiful we had. At a very high point in the road our driver pointed out to us Ben Ledi, the highest mountain peak, and below us Gloomy Glen. We crossed Loch Katrine on a beautiful little boat called "Sir Walter Scott." Again resuming our coach, we rode through some very pretty country and then crossed Loch Lomond, the largest of the lakes. We spent the night at Penrith, another small village, and drove the next day to Ambleside, passing en route Wordsworth's cottage and sat under the old tree where the poet used to compose his poetry and commune with nature. I have often wondered why Wordsworth wrote so exclusively of nature, but since seeing his home and its beautiful surroundings, I no longer wonder that he could have found nothing more worthy of inspiring his thoughts. At Ambleside, after visiting the Chyll Falls and several other pretty places, we got on a small boat and crossed our last lake, Windermere. The scenery along the banks was grand, and when we were landed we bade farewell to that beautiful country and boarded our train for Liverpool, which was our last stopping place on English soil. We stayed there two days preparatory to sailing for America. The day before sailing was pleasantly spent in Chester, now the oldest town in England. We walked on the old Roman walls built in the time of Julius Cæsar and which still surround the city, visited many places of interest in the city, such as King Charles's Tower, where the King stood and saw his army defeated on Rowton Moor; the remains of an old Roman Bath, God's Providence House, the only house spared during the plague of 1660; and many other such places. We

rode on the river Dee to Eaton Hall, the home of the richest duke in England, the Duke of Westminster. His home is a vision of loveliness. In the beautiful park near the house a large herd of deer arose from the ground as we approached and stood facing us, their sea-fan like horns forming a pretty, if not formidable barricade. The river Dee is a pretty river, a favorite resort for boating parties. We left Liverpool on the steamer Campania, and our voyage back to dear old America was a pleasant one. We only had one rough day and one night of intense fog, during which the fog-horns were kept busy. We made the voyage in six days. We all spent a summer which will in after years be food to us for many pleasant thoughts. And now with my promise to you fulfiled, I close with best wishes for Sullins' success this year, my love to all whom I know, and hopes that the girls who go from Sullins as graduates this year may hold her in as fond remembrance as does the writer of this letter. Yours sincerely,

AUBREY C. MAGRUDER.

The Kiss.

A little bird sat on the branch of a tree;
He glanced at her, then he glanced at me,
And seemed to say in his queer little way,
"You don't seem happy on this very fine day."

Then I looked at May with her eyes cast down
And her pretty face puckered up in a frown;
While the bird encouragingly nodded to me
From the topmost branch of the nearest tree.

"Why don't you kiss her?" it seemed to say;
And I moved a little nearer to May.
"Kiss her, kiss her; don't be afraid,
For she 's just like any other maid."

So I snatched a kiss as the little bird said,
Forgetting that she was an "athlete maid,"
May slapped me over; on the ground I lay,
And the bird in the tree—why, he flew away.

M. L. C.

The Rising Bell.

At six o'clock that bell rings in the hall;
'T is meant to make you rise, one and all.
Oh, then you roll and rub your eyes,
And how that bell you do despise:
But all the same you have to rise.
You lie there thinking of the cold,
And shivering thoughts themselves unfold;
A moment more you are asleep,
Forgetful you the rules should keep.
Five until seven, as lightly as a bird,
You leap from your bed without a word,
And give your face a lick and a promise,
And also your nails a hasty polish,
And snatch up a switch, a rat, and a bow—
A quarter past seven, you 're ready to go;
But, alas! when you descend to the breakfast-room,
You 're told to go back and wait till noon!
"Oh, that aching void! How I wish I had heeded."
After that the "Rising Bell" was never needed.

SOCIETY

Reception to Dr. and Mrs. Neighbors.

ON October the thirty-first, Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Kendrick held an informal reception from three until eleven o'clock p. m., in honor of Dr. and Mrs. W. S. Neighbors the Methodist minister and his wife, of State Street Methodist Church.

The Sullins girls were complimented with a special invitation, which they appreciated very much. The beautiful home of Mr. and Mrs. Kendrick was lovely in its decorations of Maréchal Niel roses and smilax, and delightful refreshments were served during the evening. The guests were met by the reception committee, composed of Mr. and Mrs. Joe Kelly, Dr. C. O. Jones, Mrs. C. O. Fain, and Mr. and Mrs. Joe Huntsman.

A very enjoyable musical program was one of the features of the occasion, and was presented as follows:

Vocal Solo—Miss Lottie Hobson.

Quartette—Misses Mallicote and Hobson, and Messrs. Davis and Dale.

Vocal Solo—Mr. Tom Davis.

The occasion was a delightful one and many guests were present to welcome Dr. and Mrs. Neighbors to their new home in Bristol. M. L. B.

The Mississippi Club Reception.

A DELIGHTFUL reception was tendered Mrs. Barker on the evening of October 19th, her birthday, by the members of the Mississippi Club. The decorations were from the far Southland, and the parlors and spacious hall had a perfect bower of beauty in them, of ferns, huge white chrysanthemums, potted plants, and stalks of snowy cotton. Dr. and Mrs. Barker were assisted in receiving by the President and Vice-President of the Club, beneath a fairy-like arch of ferns and white chrysanthemums. Suspended over the dining-hall was the legend, "Old Miss" in letters of flowers, and the colors of the Club, green and white, were daintily carried out in the refreshments.

The reception given by Mrs. H. P. Taylor, to which the Presbyterian girls of Sullins College were invited, was a function that will long be remembered, as it was one of great enjoyment to all who were fortunate enough to be present.

The Rev. Mr. Russell entertained the Episcopal girls in a delightful manner on Hallow'en night. Novel games were played, which were appropriate to the day, and all enjoyed themselves to the fullest extent.

The Fairesonian Initiation.

THE Fairesonian Initiation took place on October the third, in the society hall, which was elaborately decorated in the colors, black and gold. A dull, ghostly light was thrown over the room by the goblin-shaped electric light shades, and ghost-like figures glided to and fro. Suddenly the hall was filled with weird music produced by invisible hands, and the door silently swung open and admitted a long line of prospective members, who, with pale faces and faint hearts, slowly marched toward the austere president, who solemnly waited to hear their vows and then to proceed with the prearranged initiation program. After riding the goat, being plunged into ice water, etc., they adjourned to the next room, where refreshments were served and very entertaining literary exercises were held. The new girls have proved stanch and loyal members and are proud to be called Fairesonians.

Duty.

To the Seniors.

Let us hitch our wagon to a star,
And make our life more true;
Don't try to be more than you are,
Be what God wants you to.

We all have a mission to fulfil,
And there 's no time to waste;
Don't tarry, but ascend the hill,
This is the time! make haste!

Let us work and be in earnest,
Labor for a higher goal;
The obedient God rewardeth,
And brings sunshine to our soul.

Though the way seems rough and dreary,
Never murmur; push ahead;
Oftentimes you may be weary—
God will help you, He has said.

Now our task and worry 's over,
And we 're called to Heaven above,
And around the throne we 'll hover
With all the friends we love.

Ada Vance.

AN IDEAL MOMENT (Vision II)

The Senior Reception.

SHE was so tired! All day and the evening before, preparations had advanced toward the "Senior Reception" which was to be held Friday, October the twenty-fifth, from nine to eleven-thirty, and it was now in progress. Faculty and students had assisted in decorating the spacious corridors and halls with white, black, and gold, the colors of the class. Everywhere one turned beauty met the eye; graceful arches, drooping palms, ferns, and yellow and white chrysanthemums in regal splendor made the scene bower-like. Underneath the arch bearing the letters "Loyalty," the class motto, stood Misses Huddleston and Neilson, serving delicious fruit-punch. They were in a very bouquet of flowers and ferns, and filled the nook with charm as they dispensed their refreshments to each guest.

In the handsome parlor Mrs. Barker received the throng of visitors with the grace one has so learned to associate with her and which seemed to descend alike on her assistants, the Senior Class, of whom our heroine was a party. And the dining-room—that almost beggars description. There in the center were five tables of tiny dimensions, from each of which yellow, black, and white ribbons were festooned to the ceiling, where clusters of yellow and white chrysanthemums surrounded the hugh electric light. Here and there in the room were small tables amid flowers, lace, ribbons, and ferns, around which were seated pretty maids and dashing beaux. Our heroine had been down to partake of the delicious ices and cakes in which the colors were also carried, and after returning had slipped off from her escort, made sure of her escape from the reception committee, and there she sat dejected amid beauty, gayety, music, flowers, and laughter. The orchestra was hidden behind flowers, but the sounds floated out and caught the listening ear of each one. Why was it they played "Auf Wiedersehen"?

It was not welcome to her. A tear dimmed her eye and she glanced from her corner and saw "Loyalty" in letters of gold and white flowers stare at her. She quickly turned her face—had she not been loyal? Her sad heart knew only too well when she had left home her promise to be true had been given, and not in word or thought had she failed, and now here she was alone. Letters had passed as often as prudence permitted and an invitation had gone to "him" to attend this, the handsomest function ever given in Sullins College to the Seniors, of which she was one, and he had sent no regrets, no acceptance, and was not here; so, her joy being paled, she felt only the fatigue of the occasion and longed for the quiet of darkness and tears.

She was conscious of footsteps near, but didn't dream who could be there, and determined not to look.

"Mademoiselle, is there room on the settee for a belated guest, one who hungers for a smile?"

Ah, then she did turn, spring up, and looked a glad welcome from honest eyes. Then she relented and determined to be cool. "This is indeed unexpected," she frigidly remarked.

"For whom then were you waiting?" he asked gaily, for he remembered her look of welcome.

"For no one. I was tired and wished to be alone."

He seated himself and explained that he was out on a hunt when the invitation was sent and when he received it there was only time enough left for him to pack and leave. So here he was on her mercy and if her face did not soon wear an expression of gladness for him, he would regret coming. So she softened, beamed and illuminated the tiny corner with smiles and laughter and tender glances.

When the hour named for them to leave, and go to the lobby where Mrs. Barker was speeding the parting guest, she asked him: "How did you know where to find me, among so many hundreds of people?"

"Ah, love will find a way," he said, "and especially when assisted by Mrs. Barker."

Twilight Thoughts.

I stood on the bank where the tawny tide
Of the Mississippi stretches wide
In its onward rush to the sea.
The last dying rays of the setting sun
With shadows long wrote, "The day is done,"
On the water and on the lea.

A crimson flush dyed the sapphire sky,
And the golden water rushing by,
With the red light seemed to quiver,
As though the souls of all ages past
Were washed in the stream, and, pure at last,
Left their stain of sin on the river.

Then I kissed my hands in childish glee,
At the rim of the moon that peeped at me
Through the clouds of the afterglow;
And I made a wish, as I kissed my hands,
To go, like the water, to other lands;
With faith as strong as the water's flow.

Ah! years have passed since that summer eve,
When my childish heart in all things did believe
With a faith too pure to last.
And I 'd give the world if it might be
That fate could restore that childish glee!
Oh! I long for one hour of the past!

THANKSGIVING (Vision III)

Thanksgiving.

THANKSGIVING was delightfully observed at Sullins. Dr. and Mrs. Barker issued invitations to Dr. Vincil, Dr. and Mrs. Neighbors, the Faculty, and boarding students to a Thanksgiving dinner at six o'clock. An elegant menu was prepared, which we reproduce here:

Menu.

Blue Points on Half-shell, served in Crushed Ice
Pim Olas Celery Salted Almonds
Planked Shad Sauce Hollandaise
Potato Puffs
Turkey, Chestnut Stuffing Cranberry Sauce
Cauliflower Glazed Sweet Potatoes
Succotash in Paper Cases
Tomato Jelly on Lettuce Mayonnaise of Celery
Individual Mince Pie Pumpkin Pie
Vanilla Ice Cream with Hot Chocolate Sauce
Assorted Cakes
White Grapes Nuts
Cafe Noir

Thursday, November twenty-eighth,
nineteen-hundred-one.

Sullins College. Bristol, Va.-Tenn.

The courses were spiced between with witty toasts by bright representatives of the Sullins girls:

Toasts.

Toastmistress, Miss Adah Barham.

Thanksgiving . . . . . Fannie Steger
"The Two Teddies" . . . . . Ada Nagruder
Our Puritan Forefathers . . . . . Katharine Smith
"Lassies" . . . . . Matsy Wynne
Brothers, Cousins, and Lovers . . . . . Marie Cowan
"Uncle Sam" in 1901 . . . . . Martha White
"Another Toast" . . . . . Impromptu

CHRISTMAS (Vision IV)

Election of Gallants.

Most Popular Man—D. D. Hull was unanimously elected to this office, which was no surprise to us, knowing his qualifications.

Handsomest Man—This was the most exciting ticket voted during the evening. The voting was fast and furious, and only after several counts was it decided that Mr. Lindsay Bunting had won by 17 majority. He ought to appreciate this, for Misses Neilson, White, and Magruder made strong appeals in favor of Messrs. Phlegar, Hull, and Mastin.

Most Gallant—Dr. Staley, D. D. Hull, Mr. Bruce Bushong, Mr. R. T. Lake, Mr. Lindsay Bunting, and Mr. Caldwell, were nominated. In the first count Messrs. Bushong, Bunting, and Hull headed the list. Before the second vote was taken you could hear whispered on all sides—"Mr. Bushong! Mr. Bushong!"—who, it is hardly necessary for me to say, won by a majority of more than fifty votes.

The Jolliest—Nominees: Messrs. George McNeil, Arthur McNeil, and Tobe McNeil. Misses Aubrey Cowan, Frances Rothschild, and Olive Skeggs asked the chairman to excuse them from voting, as they were afraid a family feud might ensue. On counting the votes it was found that the senior brother had gained the day.

Most Poetical—The nominees were too numerous to mention here, as will be seen when it is known that out of over seventy-five votes cast, the three who headed the list only received five votes each. Just before the vote was again taken, Miss Magruder, who had been in her room searching for some poems, came in and read the "House of Love" by Mr. Will Mastin. After this Mr. Mastin made the race in a slow, dreamy stroll.

Most Susceptible—Nominees: Messrs. Jesse Owen, Joe Graves, Sam Grant, Tobe McNeil, Mark Wallis, and Will Mastin. It was not until the fourth count that Messrs. Wallis,

Graves, and McNeil gained a headway. In the final count Mr. McNeil won by a safe majority. Messrs. Graves and Wallis are very susceptible, but it won't do for them to run up against Tobe on this card.

Greatest Flirt—Nominees: Messrs. A. A. Phlegar and Arthur McNeil. The voting was slow and unexciting. There were no speeches made in favor of either candidate. Mr. Phlegar won by a small majority.

Most Intellectual—The man most worthy of this office won it—Mr. Ol. Taylor.

Manliest—Nominees: Hugh Faust, D. D. Hull, Dr. Staley, Dr. Reynolds, Mr. Darst, and Mr. Caldwell. There were strong talks made in favor of the various nominees, but Dr. Reynolds won by a safe majority on the first vote.

Cutest—Nominees: Messrs. Walter Selfe, Tobe McNeil, James Wallace, Charles Steffner, and Howard Cochrane. Tobe, the general favorite of the girls, won by a large majority on the first vote.

Best Talker—Nominees: Messrs. J. B. Caldwell, Arthur McNeil, Roy Embree, Lindsay Bunting, and T. Sculley. In the first count Messrs. Sculley, Caldwell, and McNeil came out ahead. The discussion at this point became so hot and furious that Miss Bolton moved that the vote be taken at once, which motion was carried. Mr. Caldwell won by three majority over the other two candidates.

Most Dignified—Nominees: Dr. Staley, Mr. R. T. Lake, and Mr. Flournoy. It is the general opinion among us that Mr. Flournoy would have been elected had he not sung in church the Sunday before the election. Mr. Lake could hardly stand up against the stately walk and scornful expression of Dr. Staley, who carried the day.

Smartest—Mr. Arthur McNeil was almost unanimously elected, the other nominees receiving so few votes that we will not mention them here.

This ticket closed the election. Our congratulations to those who were successful in being elected to offices of honor and our sympathy for the rest.

Chairman.

COMMENCEMENT

Love's First Sigh.

My heart is dead; 't is buried low,
Though over its tomb no roses blow,
And on it falls no snow.
And the world smiles on, and I smile, too,
More sadly perhaps than when love proved true,
But the world to my sorrow is blind.

And never more, to the end of time,
Shall my heart beat to love's sweet chime,
With its rhythm soft and surge sublime;
For I 've sung the song with its prelude tender
From the first low notes to the wild crescendo,
And bitterest sorrow I find.

Music Notes.

THE always large Music Department of Sullins College has been larger than ever during the present session, many young ladies having come from distant States to take advantage of the excellent opportunities offered in this department. And the work, as heretofore, has been of the highest standard.

From time to time recitals have been given in the spacious chapel, giving not only each pupil an opportunity to display her ability and training, but also the hearers a treat.

The initial concert was given by the Faculty. The reputation of the teachers whose names appear on the following program is too well known to need comment here:

Faculty Recital

October Fourth, 8 P. M., 1901

Program

PIANO CONCERTO Midsummer Night's Dream . . . . . *Mendelssohn-Liszt*
First Piano—MISS ANNA HULL
Second Piano—MR. ZEISBERG

SOPRANO SOLO "Ave Maria" . . . . . *Mascheroni*
MISS BAIRD
(Violin obbligato—MISS PILCHER)

PIANO SOLO (*a*) Staccato Etude . . . . . *X. Scharwenka*
(*b*) Prestissimo . . . . . *Ravina*
MRS. NEILSON

VIOLIN SOLO (*a*) Nocturno . . . . . *Field-Mittell*
(*b*) Mazurka . . . . . *Wieniawski*
MISS PILCHER

PIANO SOLO (*a*) Idyl . . . . . } . . . *MacDowell*
(*b*) Scherzino . . . . . }
(*c*) Hungarian . . . . . }
MR. ZEISBERG

SONGS (*a*) Upon the Waters . . . . . } . . . . . *Schubert*
(*b*) Serenade (Shakespeare) . . . . . }
MISS BAIRD
(With violin obbligato)

ENSEMBLE First Symphony, First Movement . . . . . *Beethoven*
Piano Duo—MISS LEONA SMITH
MRS. NEILSON
Liszt, Organ—MISS ANNA HULL
Violins I and II—MISS PILCHER
MR. ZEISBERG

The Santa Claus Cantata, given by the splendid chorus class, assisted by Messrs. Hull and McNeil, was a grand success in every way, and was thoroughly appreciated by the large audience.

The Ensemble Concert on the evening of January 27th was one of the most brilliant and unique events of the year. The finest works of the masters were interpreted by the advanced piano students. The hearty applause of a cultured audience evidenced that the interpretations were most pleasant. Following is the program:

Ensemble Concert

Sullins College

Monday, January 27, 1902, 8 P. M.

Program

1. Overture — Figaro's Wedding . . . . . *Mozart*
   Ensemble: First Piano—Misses Fudge, Peery
   Second Piano—Misses E. Ward, Eaton
   Liszt, Organ—Miss Hull
   Violins I, II, III—Misses Pilcher, Ezell, White
   Viola—Mr. Zeisberg
2. Piano Solo — Berceuse . . . . . *Chopin*
   Miss Leah Huddleston
3. Symphony in C Major, First Movement . . . . . *Schubert*
   Ensemble: First Piano—Misses Slack, L. Smith
   Second Piano—Misses Stevenson, Huddleston
   (Organ and Strings as above)
4. Piano Solo — Waltz in C sharp . . . . . *Chopin*
   Miss Georgia Slack
5. Frieschuetz . . . . . *Weber*
   Ensemble: First Piano—Misses Toy, Stevenson
   Second Piano—Misses Byrd, Slack
   Organ—Miss Ezell
   (Strings as above)
6. Soprano Solo — Madrigal . . . . . *Cl. Johns*
   Miss Fanny Steger
7. Overture Egmont . . . . . *Beethoven*
   Ensemble: First Piano—Misses Mary White, Carden
   Second Piano—Misses C. L. Neilson, McGuire
   (Organ and Strings as in No. 1)

On the evening of January 21st a very select and cultured audience gathered in the chapel to hear the distinguished German singer, pianist, and composer, Herr Felix Heink. His very classical program was greatly enjoyed by all.

Too much can not be said of the very entertaining recital given March 7th by the pupils of the stringed instruments. The numbers rendered by the orchestra were of a very high order and were most pleasing. The soloists of the occasion interpreted their numbers in a most artistic manner, reflecting much credit upon themselves and teacher.

Georgia Slack.

REPRESENTATIVE MUSIC STUDENTS.

REPRESENTATIVE MUSIC STUDENTS, No. 2

Sullins College Orchestra.

Miss Pilcher . . . . . Director

Violins

Misses Ezell, White, Aubrey Cowan, Hill, Edith Lockett, and Francis.

Mandolins

Misses Bolton, Smith, Robinson, Butler.

Guitar

Miss Lipps.

Accompanist

Miss Huddleston.

Stringed Instrument Recital

Friday Evening, March 7th, 1902

eight o'clock

Director: Miss Pilcher

First Violins

Miss Mary Ezell
Miss Martha White
Miss Pilcher

Second Violins

Miss Mary Lee Hill
Miss Aubrey Cowan
Miss Edith Lockett

First Mandolins

Miss Maxie Bolton
Miss Bonnie Smith

Second Mandolins

Miss Lula Butler
Miss Lee Robinson

Guitar

Miss Julia Francis

Piano

Misses Neilson, Huddleston, Fudge, and Peery

Program

I Orchestra (*a*) March . . . . . *W. H. Scouton*
(*b*) "Love's Dream After the Ball." . . . . *A. Czibulka*

II Violin Trio—Sommerlust . . . . . *C. Schumann*

III Violin Solo—Fantasie, "Les Puritains" . . . . . *D'Alard*
Miss Edith Lockett

IV Violin Duet—Barcarolle . . . . . *Ch. Dancla*
Misses White and Ezell

V Violin Solos (*a*) Elegie . . . . . *Benoni Lagye*
(*b*) Hungarian Dance . . . . . *Guido Papini*
Miss White

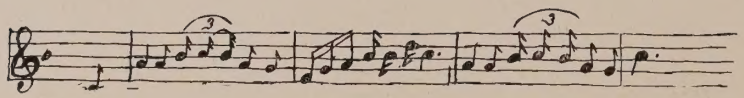
VI Ensemble—"Sinfonietta" . . . . . *Carl Bohm*
Allegro Moderato, Adagio, Menuetto, Finale

VII Violin Quartette—Lullaby . . . . . *Carl Lachmund*

VIII Violin Solo—Cavatina . . . . . *Carl Bohm*
Miss Ezell

IX Ensemble—Kroenungsmarsch—Der Prophet . . . . *G. Meyerbeer*

French Chorus Class.



Chan - tez, chan - tez, ma bel — le chan-tez, chan - tez, tou - jours.

Deutsche Klasse 1902

Kaffee Kränzchen

REPRESENTATIVE ART STUDENTS.

Debates.

DECEMBER:

Resolved, That choice is free.

Affirmative: Annie Clay Faris, Berta Price, Frances Reeves.

Negative: Lelia Cornett, Katharine Smith, Marie Cowan.

Negative won.

JANUARY:

Resolved, That a limited monarchy is a better form of government than a republic:

Affirmative: Forte Dickenson. Negative: Olive Skeggs.

Tie.

Resolved, That women should be admitted to the American Universities on equal terms with men.

Affirmative: Mary Lee Hill, Carrie McGuire.

Negative: Emma Reeves, Mary Kite.

Affirmative won.

FEBRUARY:

Resolved, That a college education helps a woman in her home life.

Affirmative: Mary Sanders, Julia Francis.

Negative: Benona Snapp, Lavinia Snapp.

Affirmative won.

MARCH:

Resolved, That it is better to be an old maid than an unhappy married woman.

Bertha Scott. } Affirmative. Negative: { Maxie Smith,
Fannie Ward, } { Bessie Perry.

Affirmative won.

MAY:

Mississippi Club against King College.

Resolved, That the higher educati n of woman is as important to society and state as the higher education of man.

Marie Cowan, } Affirmative. Negative: { W. J. Mastin,
Mary Lee Hill. } { Tilden Scherer.

Model Love Letters of a K. C. Boy and a Sullins Girl.

The House of Love.

I built it out of a summer dream,
With hopes of wonder for arch and beam;
I cleared a spot in the rosy lane,
Where oaks gave shelter from sun and rain;
I wasted wealth of my fancy there,
In that haven I built from the world of care;
It grew from the sill to the vaulted dome—
A sweet love nest, and a love's sweet home.
There were secret ways through the tangled wood
To the spot where its walls of jasper stood;
There were chestnuts bending above the moss,
And the pines spread arms like a wayside cross;
There were wildwood blooms for the feet to fall,
And the low, sweet plaint of the thrush's call.
There were faith and trust, and the song of life
In the rooms that were walled from the stress and strife.
I built it out of the ormaz stone
And the amethyst, with its purple zone;
I set white lilies beside the door,
And strewed the myrrh leaf on the floor;
I carved the rails of the winding stair
Out of marble, snow-white and rare;
I built to the east for the morning light,
One to the west was of crimson sheen
For the sunset ribbons to flash between,
And one was the secret room of the heart,
Where thou, O Love, didst reign apart
From the dust that stifles the voice of song,
Where the feet go by of the hurrying throng;
From the road and rumble that thrill the day
In the hundred haunts of the human fray.
I built it out of a summer dream,
I followed the path of the far-off gleam;
With happy thoughts to my hopes I went
Down the sweet lane where the chestnuts bent;
And now if the house be a house of dust,
And if I have wasted my faith and trust,
And if it has crumbled away at my feet,
I had my dream, and the dream was sweet!

Dear Love, you left me with no words of cheer
To soothe the pain you would not heal;
And my thoughts to-night can be but a dream
Of the hopes that yesterday were real.
You left me alone with the scattered ruin
Of my "House of Love," where you scorned to dwell,
And my song of life must die away
O'er the silent grave in which it fell.
You left me, and I am lonely and sad;
The leaden rain and darkness send
No whispers sweet of happy thoughts;
And my soul's worst enemy was my friend.
Will the New Year bring no happy word
That I may be glad and free from care?
That your heart will yield to a song of love,
To rescue my life from dark despair?

Are you sitting and waiting there yet, Will,
For this New Year's message your heart to fill?
Your song of love has reached my heart,
And it won't be best for us to part.
In the "House of Love" I wish to dwell
Till I hear the church-bell toll your knell;
Then over the "River" I 'll pass with you,
And, together, in heaven our vows we 'll renew.
You have not wasted your faith and trust,
And your house is not a house of dust.
I will forever faithful be—
Time will prove my love for thee!
At your side I will ever stand
To shield you from the world's cruel band.
Till your heart shall cease to beat,
I wish to have you at my feet.
If you should ever prove untrue,
I 'd leave our happy home and you;
Alone through the wide world I 'd roam
Till you called me back to our happy home.
Through this changed and checkered life
I 'll be, beloved, your faithful wife.
This New Year's message should bring much joy
To the best, the sweetest, and dearest boy.

OLIVE SKEGGS.
The most stylish girl in school.

LEAH HUDDLESTON,
The Best Girl

ELLA WARD,
The Sweetest Girl

MARY EZELL,
The Sweetest Singer

MOZELLE PORTER,
The Jolliest Girl

HELEN FUDGE,
The Prettiest Girl

EMMA REEVES,
The Most Studious

CORA LEE NEILSON,
The Cutest Girl

MATSY WYNN,
The Leanest Girl

1. MARTHA WHITE,
The Most Attractive Girl

2. KATHARINE SMITH,
Most College-Spirited Girl
Faculty Favorite

MARIE COWAN,
The Most Dignified

MARY SUMMERS,
The Smartest Girl
MAXIE SMITH,
The Biggest Eater

MAXIE BOLTON,
1. The Most Modest Girl
2. The Neatest Girl

EDITH STEVENSON,
The Best Musician
SENAH CHILDERS,
The Most Popular Girl

"Fac's."

Mrs. B.:	"A perfect woman, nobly planned, To warn, to comfort, and command."
Dr. B.:	"His life was gentle, and the elements So mixed in him, that nature might stand up And say to all the world, This is a man!"
Miss K.:	"Silence is the perfectest herald of joy."
Miss B. M.:	"They that govern most make least noise."
Mr. W.:	"He was a man; take him for all in all, We shall not look upon his like again."
Miss A. B.:	"The glass of fashion, and the mould of form, The observed of all observers!"
Mrs. C.:	"Her angel's face As the great eye of heaven, shyned bright, And made a sunshine in the shady place."
Miss F. B.:	"Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly, Most musical, most melancholy!"
Miss L. P.:	"O woman! lovely woman! nature made thee To temper man; we had been brutes without you. Angels are painted fair to look like you."
Miss M.:	"Deep-sighted in intelligence."
Mr. Z.:	"His very foot has music in 't As he comes up the stair."
Miss S. M.:	"A creature not two bright or good For human nature's daily food, For transient sorrows, simple wiles; Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles."
Miss M. P.:	"A foot more light, a step more true, Ne'er from the heath-flower dashed the dew.'
Miss A. L. N.:	"None knew thee but to love thee, Nor named thee but to praise."
Mrs. G.:	"When pain and anguish wring the brow, A ministering angel thou!"
Miss K. M.:	"My mind to me a kingdom is; Such perfect joy therein I find."
Miss S. M.:	"A noticeable woman, with large blue eyes."
Miss K. B.:	"Wisdom married to her vocation."
Mr. L.:	"What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties!"
Miss A. H.:	"O, woman! woman! thou art formed to bless the heart of restless man."
Miss L. S.:	"It will discourse most eloquent music."

The Mirror.

F. S - - G - R: "I only live to love thee."

M. W - - T -: "She can both false and friendly be."

M - - Y E - E - L -: "She was dark,—
There was no play of crimson on her cheek,
Yet were her features beautiful."

E. S - - V - - S - N: "I pray thee, gentle maiden, play again!"

N. Mc - - LL - - K: "Grant me but solitude!"

O. S - E - G -: "O wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursel's as others see us!"

M. B - L - - N: "Still to be neat, still to be drest
As you were going to a feast."

G. Sm - T -: "Her looks were like a flower in May."

M. C - - D - N: "And like the brook's low song, her voice, a sound which would not die."

B. S - - - H: "Blue were her eyes as the fairy flax."

M. W - NN: "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

A. M - R - AN: "I am nothing if not critical."

L. C - M - O: "Cupid have mercy."

M. C - W - N: "Never was so rich a gem set in less than gold."

M. W - G - - R: "A soft answer turneth away wrath."

L. R - B - - S - N: "Speech is great, but silence is greater."

R. S - A - G - T - -: "Her cheeks were like the dawn of day."

C. L. N - - L - - N: "But oh! she dances such a way!
No sun upon an Easter-day
Is half so fine a sight."

E. W - - D: "To thine own *Self* be true."

M. L. H - L -: "She wore a blended grace and dignity of mien."

S. M - T - H - LL: "Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,
Everything by turns, and nothing long."

B. T - Y: "A little learning is a dangerous thing."

C. McH - E: "As headstrong as an allegory on the banks of the Nile."

A. C - - AN: "I would be happy with either, were t' other dear charmer away."

F - N W - - -: "She is too full of the milk of human kindness
To catch the nearest way."

N. N - I - S - N: "She speaks an infinite deal of nothing."

A. M - G - - D - R: "A coy and roguish maiden."

O. S., C. Mc., and N. N.: "We are not now that which we have been."

M. F - U - - E -: "Children should be seen, not heard."

E. L - P -: "Notes by distance made more sweet."

L. B - TT - - R: "Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever."

L. C - A - F - - D: "Think all you say, but do not say all you think."

L. D - N - S: "A noble type of good, heroic, womanhood."

M. H - - K: "And ne'er did Grecian chisel trace
A nymph, a Naiad, or a grace,
Of finer form or lovelier face."

J. F - A - - - S: "Paul, Paul, why persecutest thou me?"

B. V - - M - L - - N: "Laugh not too much; the witty man laughs least."

F. R - - H - - H - - D: "Set thy house in order."

E. R - - V - S: "The woman that deliberates is lost."

H. PORTER: "Yet a little sleep, a little slumber."

L. LYTTON: "Her long, dark hair sway'd in rich masses to the unquiet wind."

M. R - W -: "Her smile was like a summer morn."

M. P - R - - R: "Life 's a jest, and all things show it;
I thought so once, and now I know it."

Z. D - - K - - S - N: "Man delights not me."

H. F - D - E: "Divinely tall and most divinely fair."

M. S - I - H: "That, though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind."

M. S - N - E - S: "A noble lady, that moves like summer winds."

B. S - A - P: "Her hair is crisp, and black, and long."

C. SP - - G - R: "Cautious maiden, give us your smile as you pass by."

L. H - D - L - - T - N: "She poses as a saint."

R. S - M - A - L: "The noblest mind the best contentment has."

B. S - O - T: "A maid, light-hearted and content."

W. SI - R - - L: "None knew thee but to love thee."

C. MC - U - - E: "She that complies against her will
Is of the same opinion still."

A. W. W - I - E: "Her lips were red."

F. F - - N: "Ay, too gentle."

K. S - A -: "The very life seems warm upon her lips."

S. C - - LD - - S: "If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you 'll forget them all."

N. H - Y - - S: "There 's nothing half so sweet in life as love's young dream."

S. MASTIN: "In maiden meditation fancy free."

M. S - M - ER -: "And still the wonder grew, that one small head could carry all she knew."

C. KEN - - - C - S: "Her eye was clear and wild."

P. W - LL - S: "Hear me, for I will speak."

G. S - A - K: "So perfect and so peerless."

L. MCN - - L: "The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a human door."

I. C - W - N: "There is life in the strokes of her brush."

B. P - - RY: "How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair."

K. L. L - C - - T: "They also serve who only stand and wait."

A. F - - -: "None but herself can be her parallel."

Literary Societies.

VIRGIL AND REX.

Evelyn Allen
Maxie Bolton
Lettie Crawford
Lee Dennis
Forte Dickenson
Nettie Dowdy
Julia Francis
Helen Fudge

Mozelle Porter
Hattie Porter
Kathleen Price
Lee Robinson
Mary Rowe
Fannie Steger
Alice Snow
Roxie Slawter

The Clionian Literary Society.

COLORS:
Blue and Gold.

MOTTO:
Bona, Vera, Pulchra.

President . . . Olive H. Skeggs.
Vice-President . . . Martha White.
Recording Secretary . . . Leah Huddleston.
Corresponding Secretary . . . . Carrie McGuire.
Treasurer . . . . . Mozelle Porter.
Music Critic . . . Beatrice Toy.
Literary Critic, Elizabeth Lytton.
First Censor, Fannie Ward.
Second Censor,
Ella Ward.

MEMBERS of 1902.

Minnie Flummer
Myrta Hawk
Leah Huddleston
Elizabeth Lytton
Carrie McGuire
Ada Magruder
Annie Morgan
Bessie Peary

Bertha Scott
Olive Skeggs
Edith Stevenson
Love Thomas
Beatrice Toy
Ella Ward
Fannie Ward
Martha White
Bess Vermilion

The Fairesonian Literary Society.

Motto: "The end crowns the work."

Colors: Black and Gold. Password: Humanitus.

Officers.

Katharine Smith . . . . . President
Marie Louise Cowan . . . . . Vice-President
Maxie Smith . . . . . Secretary
Mary Ezell . . . . . Treasurer
Bonnie Smith . . . . . Literary Critic
Sadie Mitchell . . . . . First Censor
Bertha Rosenblatt . . . . . Second Censor

Members.

Aubrey Cowan
Marie Cowan
Mary Lee Hill
Mary Moore
Sadie Mitchell
Zora Peebles
Emma Rosenblatt
Bertha Rosenblatt
Frances Rothschild
Katharine Smith
Maxie Smith
Matsy Wynn
Berta Hooker
Lula Cumbo
Kate Swan
Callie McHie
Willie Simrall
Rebecca Simrall
Cora Lee Neilson
Inez Cowan
Lillian McNeil
Stella Wallis
Mary Ezell
Nancy Neilson
Mittie Wagner
Alice Fain

THE FAIRESONIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

THE FAIRESONIAN WEDDING.

(Vision VI)

The Twentieth Century Club.

Officers.

Annie Clay Faris	President
Berta Price	Vice-President
Mary Sanders	Secretary
Frances Reeves	Treasurer
Fanny Steger	Critic

Christmas in Prose and Poetry

By Members of the

Twentieth Century Club

December 18, 1901.

Program

Chorus . . . . . A Christmas Carol . . . . . *Undekannt*
Class

Paper . . . . . Christmas Customs and Traditions . . . . . .
Miss Stella Mastin

Reading . . . . . A Christmas Carol . . . . . *Dickens*
Miss Marie Cowan

Piano Overture . . . . . Le Calif de Bagdad . . . . . *Boieldieu*
Misses Fudge and C. Neilson

Reading . . . . . Christmas Bells . . . . . *Tennyson*
Miss Roxy Slaughter

Reading . . . . . Das Krist Kindel . . . . . *Riley*
Miss Berta Price

Piano Solo . . . . . Grand Galop de Concert . . . . . *Ed. Holst*
Miss Leah Huddleston

Pantomime . . . . . Christmas Bells . . . . . *Longfellow*
Misses Richardson, Houk, Hill,
K. Smith, M. Cowan, N. Neilson

Vocal Solo . . . . . Cantique de Nöel . . . . . *Ad. Adam*
Miss Fanny Steger

Reading . . . . . Jes 'Fore Christmas . . . . . *Field*
Miss Ada Magruder

Diamond Ring Club.

Motto: "Miz Pah."

Colors: Blue and Red. Flower: Forget-me-not.

Song: "When We Are Married." Patron Saint: Cupid.

Rulers of Hearts.

Katharine Smith	Olive Skeggs	Nancy Neilson
Mary Carden	Annie Clay Faris	Helen Fudge
Forte Dickenson	Cora Lee Neilson	Eda Stevenson
Matsy Wynn	Maxie Bolton	Berta Hooker
	Bessie Vermilion	

The "Kid" Club.

Motto: "When You Want Anything, Yell."

Colors: Baby Blue and Pink. Flower: Dandelion.

Song: "Hush-a-Bye, Baby."

Constant Wail: "I–Want–to–go–Ho–me."

Members.	Ambition.
Minnie Flummer	To be like a certain Senior
Lettie Crawford	To have all she wants to eat
Carrie Sparger	To have a playfellow
Elsa Zeisberg	To possess a toy-shop
Virgil Barker	To be learned in all branches of art and science
Carl Zeisberg	To go to school at King College
Louise Weaver	To be a great musician
James Cowan	To be President of the United States

F. U. N.

(Few United Nickels.)

NANCY NEILSON
Chef

MOTTO:
"Eat, drink, and be merry."

CALLIE MCHIE
Lord High Executioner of Meats

MATSY WYNN
Quill Driver

ADA MAGRUDER
Lord of the Exchequer

BEATRICE TOY
Mistress of the Keys

MARY CARDEN
Orpheus (O-fee-us)

SADIE MITCHELL
Toast-Master

AUBREY COWAN
Ganymede M. D.

COLORS:
Pot Black and Omelet Yellow.

JAMES COWAN
Mascot

S. E. T's. and B. A's.

OBJECT: To give the teachers something to do, and to lead others astray.

"When the cats are away,
The mice will play."

Those desiring to become members must know how to:

Strike matches fast.
Tread lightly.
Turn over trunks.
Drive nails.
Write notices.
Rope doors and trunks.

MEETING PLACE: In the halls.

TIME: During Faculty receptions and meetings.

Members.

Matsy Wynn — Hattie Porter
Love Thomas
Ada Magruder — Maxie Bolton
Bertha Scott
Callie McHie — Mozelle Porter
Berta Hooker

"Eye-Glass Club."

Motto: Have a good time, but don't get gay.

Colors: Brunette and Blond. Flower: Marygold.

Place of Loafing: The Woods. Only Requirement: The Price.
Favorite Game: Snapp. Favorite Piano: The Kimball.
Chief Occupation: Reading V. P. I. Magazines.
Chief Aim in Life: To become Painters.
Characteristic: A very decided Will.

Officers.

Kathleen Price . . . . . President
Mary Sanders . . . . . Vice-President
Benona Snapp . . . . . Secretary
Willie Woods . . . . . Treasurer

"Name It."

Colors: Sea Blue and Sky Green. Principal Game: Jenkins.

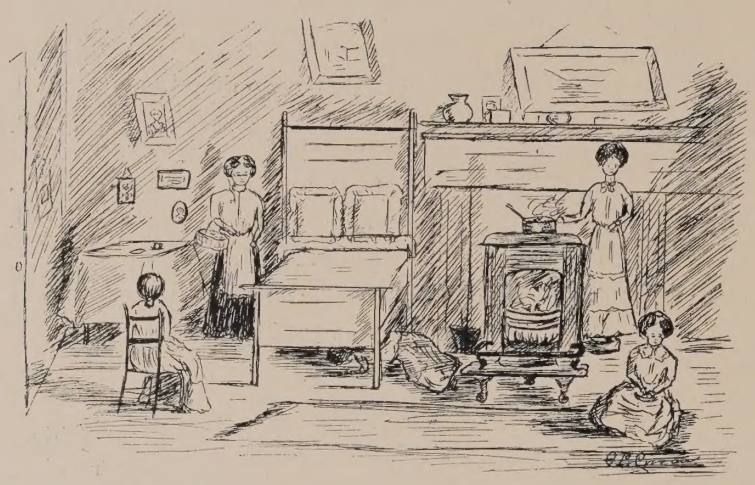
Officers.

Helen Fudge . . . . . President
Cora Lee Neilson . . . . . Vice-President
Leah Huddleston . . . . . Secretary
Ella Ward . . . . . Treasurer

Object: Nothing in view. Our Ideal: Jackson.
Motto: Suit your *Selfe.* Drink: Port(er) wine.
Dish: Fudge. Feast Day: To-morrow.

Chief Occupation: Sending Kable (grams).

Summer Resort: Beside the *Lake.*



"Meditation Hour" Club.

MOTTO:

"Be still, sad heart, and cease repinin',
Within the stew-cup the candy 's bilin'."

COLORS: Chocolate Brown and Lemon Yellow.

PASSWORD: Butter.

OBJECT: To prevent starvation and break rules.

MEMBERS.	OFFICE.	CHARACTERISTIC EXPRESSION.
KITTY SMITH,	Stew-cup engineer.	"How I wish I had a *candy* beau!"
MOZIE PORTER,	The wicked flea (flee)	"Quick! let me get under the bed."
FANNIE ROTHSCHILD,	Market girl.	"I'll go see if I can't borrow some."
MAXIE SMITH,	Idle eater.	(After the feast) "I just hate candy."
LENA FUDGE,	Lemon squeezer.	"Oh, let me do it; you don't know how."
MARIE COWAN,	Milk-maid.	

PLACE OF MEETING: Call No. 96. TIME: Sunday, 2.30 P. M.

PATRON SAINTS:
Huyler, Kern, Nunnally, and Lowney.

Young Women's Christian Association.

Officers.

Leah Huddleston	President
Marie Cowan	Vice-President
Mary Lee Hill	Secretary
Sadie Mitchell	Treasurer
Janie Hill Muse	Advisory Member

Motto: "Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord of hosts.

The Young Women's Missionary Society.

Officers.

Katharine Smith	President
Bessie Peery	Vice-President
Carrie McGuire	Recording Secretary
Mary Lee Hill	Corresponding Secretary
Beatrice Toy	Treasurer

A Flirtation.

The Result.

Old Dominion's Daughters.

Motto: Semper Fidelis.

Flower: Pink Carnation. Colors: Brown and Pink.

Officers.

Florence Baird . . . . . Regent
Helen Fudge . . . . . Vice-Regent
Bessie Vermilion . . . . . Secretary
Bonnie Smith . . . . . Treasurer

Members.

Maxie Bolton
Lula Cumbo
Lettie Crawford
Lee Dennis
Forte Dickenson
Zolle Dickenson
Helen Fudge
Julia Francis
Myrtle Houk
Anna Hull
Lizzie Litton
Kate Mitchell
Sue Mitchell
Sadie Mitchell
Mittie Wagner
Annie Morgan
Janie Muse
Carrie McGuire
Bessie Peery
Hattie Porter
Mozelle Porter
Emma Reeves
Mary Rowe
Mary Sanders
Bertha Scott
Gypsy Smith
Benona Snapp
Fanny Steger
Ella Ward
Fanny Ward

"OLD MISS"

The Mississippi Club.

MOTTO: To thine own State be true.

COLORS: Green and White. FLOWER: White Rose.

PIN: Half-open Cotton Ball.

Officers.

President	MARIE COWAN	Vicksburg
Vice-President . . .	CORA LEE NEILSON . . .	Oxford
Secretary	MARY LEE HILL	Okolona
Treasurer	NANCY NEILSON	Greenville

Members.

Willie Simrall
Callie May McHie
Mary Lee Hill
Nancy Neilson
Louise Cowan
Rebecca Simrall
Aubrey Cowan
Mary Barker
Berta Hooker
Ada Barham
Nannie S. Neilson
Frances Rothschild
Cora Lee Neilson
Marie Cowan
A. L. Neilson
Matsy Wynn
Mary Moore
Evelyn Allen

West Virginia Club.

Motto: Montani Semper Liberi.

Colors: Pink and Green.

Place of Meeting: Old Maids' Paradise.

Officers.

Eda Stevenson . . . . . President
Mary Carden . . . . . Vice-President
Nannie McCulloch . . . . . Secretary
Beatrice Toy . . . . . Treasurer
Minnie Flummer . . . . . Coal Digger

Members.

Innumerable.

Tennessee Club.

Motto: To be rather than to seem.

Colors: Yellow and White.

Flower: Daisy.

Officers.

Martha White . . . . . President
Roxie Slaughter . . . . . Vice-President
Mary Ezell . . . . . Secretary
Love Thomas . . . . . Treasurer

Alabama Club.

Motto: Volens et Potens.

Flower: Geranium.

Colors: Lavender and Pink

Officers.

Olive Skeggs . . . . . President
Leah Huddleston . . . . . Secretary and Treasurer

Green, But Bright Green.

Wanted

To Know: By a teacher, if it is dangerous to use an electric comb during a thunderstorm? or, if there is danger of fire when one is put in a drawer with papers and clothing?

If "Fudge" is Mr. B. W.'s favorite sweet?

If M. W.'s voice is soft, too?

Who "Toated" Tot?

Who is the Lady of the Lake?

If Mr. G——t's request was granted in reference to the reception?

If any of the present lady members of the Faculty will ever take the M. R. S. degree?

Why Miss E. W. thinks there's no one like her own sweet *Self?*

If the reception was a success in spite of the fact that Mr. F. H. could not accept?

The exact height of the ambition of the Senior Class?

Who's President of the Y. W. C. A.?

If M. L. H. and Sadie ever had a chance to admire themselves in the mirror?

If Miss C——n would mind being left in the soup?

If Miss P——k's table ever leaves the dining-room?

Problem: If the height of the standard of Sullins College increases one story each year, when will a girl reach the top who goes up one step each day and falls below the bottom again at the mid-term and final exams.?

Our experience has been that when there is a fee, no matter if "Right Smart Victuals are Prepared" (R. S. V. P.), King College has a Literary Society meeting.

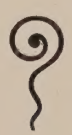
We petitioned the Faculty for informal receptions after the recitals, but—

> Full many a petition of purest words serene,
> The dark recesses of the waste-basket bear;
> Full many a maid is born to blush unseen,
> And waste her sweetness on the school-room air.

Miss P—— says she thought the Annual only came out every two years.

Matsy wishes to know which is the highest, an A. B. or a B. A. degree.

Beatrice wishes to know how a vestibule can arrive on time. (She thought it a part of a house.)



"Y's and Other Y's."

Where did Moses lead the children of Israel?

Bertha—To the top of Mt. Ararat for the two tables of stone.

Where is the Bay of Campeche?

Lettie—Somewhere on the coast, isn't it?

Describe the Italian campaign.

Ruth—Napoleon went into Italy and fought the Alps.

Mention some of the frivolous acts of Alcibiades.

Mary Lee—He turned loose a young squall (quail) in the Assembly.

Tell of Hannibal crossing the Alps.

Mary B.—After some inconvenience he reached the top and said, "There lies Rome."

What was done with the Pope's bull?

Eulalie K.—They burned the poor thing alive.

How is history divided?

Laura S.—Into the Golden and Dark ages.

Who were the Hebrews?

Lula C.—A race of people who taught the Hebrew language.

Tell of the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day.

Frances R.—It was the day on which St. Bartholomew was murdered in cold blood.

What did Alaric do next?

Mary G—He demanded of Herodotus (Honorius) land for his soldiers.

What was the object of the Arctic expedition?
Ethel S.—To get food.

Minnie F.—I didn't understand that—It said Hill's corpse (corps) was left on the field at Fredericksburg, June 14th, and on the next page it speaks of him fighting at Gettysburg.

In what are the laws of Quebec written?
Ollie D.—The laws of Quebec are written in a book.

What is the height of Washington's monument?
Carrie S.—Oh, it 's higher than the house.

What was the fate of Magellan?
Katie H.—He was drowned on board his ship in the Pacific.

What was the court told to do?
Lois R.—It was told to adjourn, or else to sign or die.

What are earthquakes?
Emma—They are jars.

ATHLETICS

Senior-Freshman Basket-Ball Team.

Mary Lee Hill	Captain
Beatrice Toy	Basket-man
Marie Cowan, Annie Clay Faris	Aids to Basket-man
Berta Price	Right Forward
Lelia Cornett	Left Forward
Nannie McCulloch	Right Back
Hattie Porter	Left Back
Inez Cowan	Referee
Matsy Wynn, Forte Dickenson, Frances Reeves	Centers
Katharine Smith, Callie McHie, Georgia Slack	Goal Defenders

Colors: White, Gold, and Black.

Yell.

Rah! Rah! Rah!
Here we are!
Freshmen!
Senior!
Rah! Rah! Rah!

Basket-Ball.

Navy Blue and White Team.		Red and White Team.
Martha White	Captain	Leah Huddleston
Roxie Slaughter	Goalkeepers	Bertha Scott
Maxie Smith		Helen Fudge
Maxie Bolton		Mary Lee Hill
Matsy Wynn	Centers	Ella Ward
Ada Magruder		Aubrey Cowan
Mary Ezell		Fanny Ward
Marie Cowan	Guards	Katharine Smith
Bessie Peery		Callie McIlie
Fanny Steger		Carrie McGuire

Purple and Gold Team.		Orange and Brown Team.
Mary Carden	Captain	Hattie Porter
Mozelle Porter	Goalkeepers	Beatrice Toy
Willie Simrall		Annie Morgan
Nancy Neilson		Lee Robinson
Myrtle Houk	Centers	Frances Rothschild
Lizzie Litton		Mary Rowe
Rebecca Simrall		Lettie Crawford
Ollie Skeggs	Guards	Forte Dickenson
Cellie McHie		Nannie McCulloch
Mary Carden		Hattie Porter

(Vision VII)

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We ask not only the young ladies of Sullins College, but every one, to patronize the firms who have advertised on the following pages, as they are the representative firms of the City.

Sullins College

for

Young Ladies.

MRS. *JAMESON* voices our design in the following words: "The true purpose of education is to cherish and unfold the seed of immortality already sown within us; to develop to their fullest extent the capacities of every kind with which the God who made us has endowed us."

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Jewelers and Opticians.
Fine Watch, Clock, and Jewelry Repairing.
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Perhaps! But not here. We're after trade—steady, regular, gradually increasing trade. How are we to get it? By giving you right goods, right prices, and right service. We use the word "right" advisedly, and by that we mean that our endeavor is not to excel in one point only, but in all. Right goods, right methods, and right prices ought, we think, to hold your trade, once we get it. If we are fortunate enough to get your orders you can rely on us pleasing you in filling them. Believe one thing always: We will do our level best to merit your confidence. *Are you with us?*

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"The Sixth Street Jewelers."

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Touch the Limit
of Shoe
Elegance.

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Becoming Hats

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BRISTOL, TENNESSEE.

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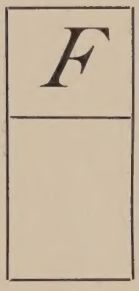

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BUT it's the doing, not the saying, that counts in the long run in merchandising. Sometimes we may seem a trifle boastful, but what, short of superlative words, can fit superlative doings? The store that buys most extensively and sells most liberally of the best that can be had, has no place for comparatives in the telling. We assert, and have the merchandise to prove, that no such values, taking them all through, are to be had in Bristol, outside this store. We ask you to make a tour of this great department store, and see for yourself. : : : : : : : : : : : : : : : :

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'Phones 42

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J. N. HUNTSMAN — D. D. HULL
H. G. PETERS — H. G. BRAMM
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